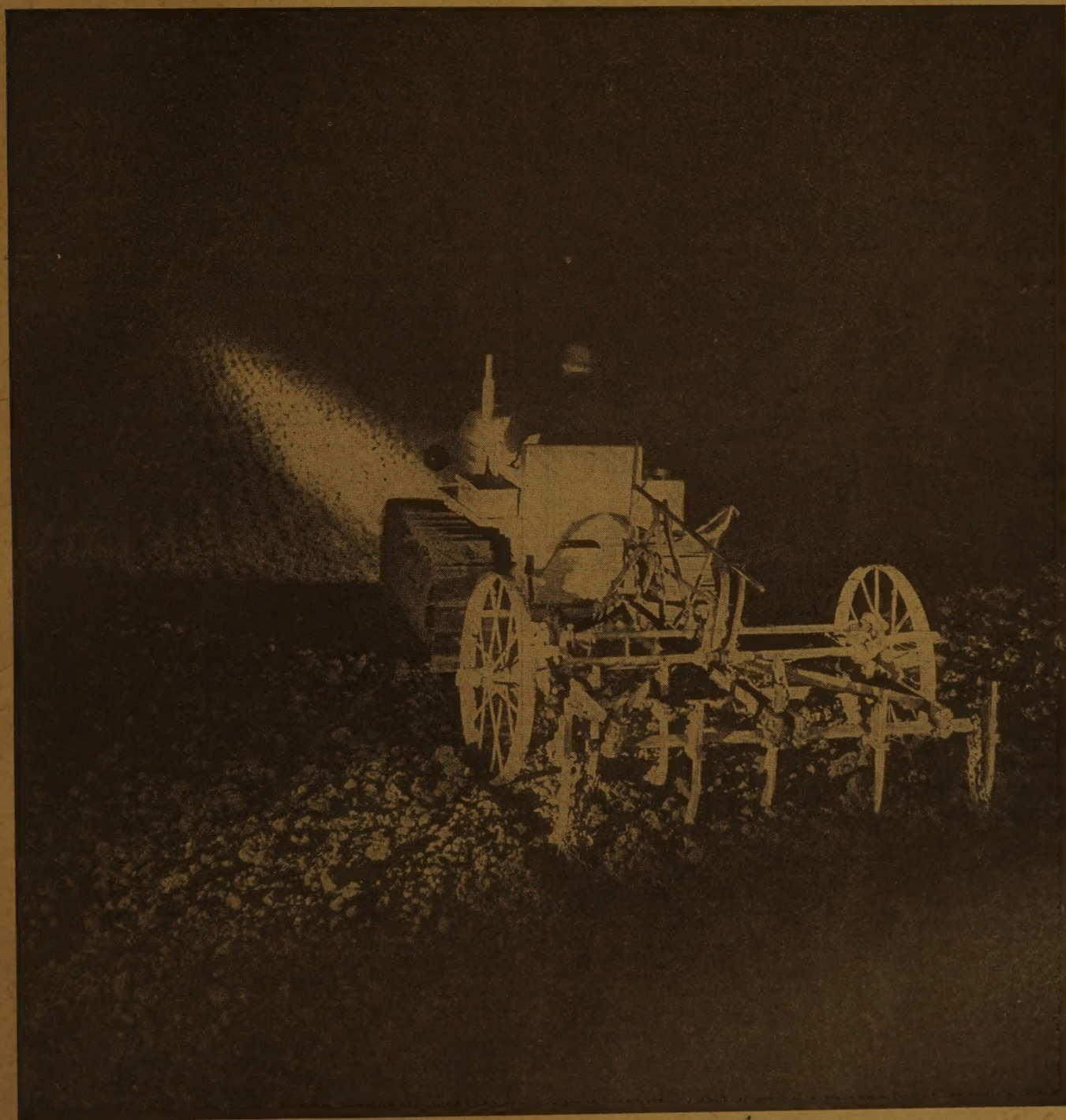


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Cultivating by night on an Essex farm (see page 571)

In this number:

Ivor Brown, Joseph Harsch, Jack Longland

THE BIBLE SOCIETY Annual Meeting

will be held on
Wednesday, May 2, 1951
in The Central Hall, Westminster
at 11 a.m.
(Doors open 10.30 a.m.)

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The Rt. Hon. Lord MacDonald of Gwaenysgor
K.C.M.G., Paymaster-General

Speakers

The Rev. Canon M. A. C. Warren, D.D.
General Secretary of the Church Missionary
Society

Mr. J. C. F. Robertson
Bible Society representative in Korea

The Rev. A. H. Wilkinson, B.D.
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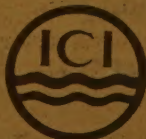


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CONTENTS

The Revolution in Asia (Victor Purcell)	565
Efficiency on the Farm (J. T. Beresford)	571
On Snowdon this Easter (Jack Longland)	573

THE WORLD TODAY:

The President and General MacArthur (Joseph Harsch)	563
Can India's Millions be Fed? (O. H. K. Spate)	567
Respecting Self (Christopher Salmon)	578

THE LISTENER:

The 'Third' Man	568
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	568
DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany)	569

POEMS:

Riddle Me (W. S. Merwin)	572
The City (Francis King, from G. Th. Vaphopoulos)	587

LITERATURE:

The English Novel, 1912-22 (Angus Wilson)	575
Makin' a Dictionar (Ivor Brown)	585
The Listener's Book Chronicle	591
Fairly Polled? (Roger Fulford)	593

BIOGRAPHY:

Frederic Maitland: A Great Historian (T. F. T. Plucknett)	577
---	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	580
--	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Norman H. Baynes, Robert Russell, Air Commodore J. D. Boyle, A. A. Parker, M. J. Heron, C. H. Buck, Hamilton Fyfe, George Coombs, S. Murray-Smith and H. Bridgewater	582
---	-----

ART:

The Rothenstein Indian Paintings (Francis Watson)	584
---	-----

MISCELLANEOUS:

The Spell on the Oven (Sir Arthur Grimble)	586
--	-----

GARDENING:

Care of Border Carnations (Robert G. Allwood)	588
---	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television (Reginald Pound)	594
Broadcast Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace)	595
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)	595
Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey)	595

MUSIC:

Roberto Gerhard and 'The Duenna' (Colin Mason)	596
--	-----

ADVICE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	599
--------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,093	599
---------------------	-----

The President and General MacArthur*

By JOSEPH HARSCH

GENERAL MacARTHUR'S views about high policy are not going to determine that policy, whatever may happen to the General himself. At the moment I am speaking it is still not clear what action President Truman is going to take in the MacArthur matter. Mr. Truman has been subjected to conflicting advice. Some of the people around him have argued that the Truman popularity is so low now that he has nothing to lose and possibly something to gain by doing the drastic thing and relieving the senior Acting General of the United States Army of his Far Eastern Command.

Other White House advisers tell Mr. Truman that, in view of General MacArthur's popularity in the Opposition party, this is not the time to arouse Republican anger. The fact is that the Universal Military Training Bill is nearing the final voting stage in the House of Representatives, and that it can be passed only with the support of some votes from the Opposition party. The MacArthur issue is so much a partisan political matter here now that a number of Republicans who otherwise would vote in favour of the Military Training measure might feel that they had to vote against it as an act of party solidarity if General MacArthur were to be dismissed. This is, in fact, an important consideration which the President must weigh in arriving at his decision.

There are other political aspects to this MacArthur matter. The Republican Party here in the United States—somewhat like your Conservative Party in Britain—feels that it has victory in the next election within sight, and that now is the time to seize and exploit to the utmost every last possible opportunity to harry, harass and bedevil the Government party. The Republican leadership is not

concerned with the merits of the controversy between General MacArthur and the authorities in Washington. The Republicans are only concerned with the possibility of extracting damage to the Government party out of the affair. That is, if the President dismisses General MacArthur, the Republicans will immediately make him their hero. Tentative plans are already being made for a triumphal tour of all the big cities. The tour would be managed by Republicans, and every last drop of political damage to Mr. Truman would be squeezed from it. That is to say, if Mr. Truman disciplines his Far East Commander, Mr. Truman will have asserted his constitutional authority but he will also have manufactured a dazzling political parade for his political opponents. There are some among the President's advisers who feel that it is not quite necessary for the President to give such an opportunity for publicity to his opponents. Needless to say, every good Republican went to bed last night saying a little prayer of hope that Harry Truman would sack Douglas MacArthur before the end of the next day.

It is important to understand this political context of the MacArthur affair because otherwise you might make the mistake of thinking that the American public is equally divided on the real issues which lie between General MacArthur and Washington. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A few MacArthur supporters—very few—believe fervently in the virtues of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and even smaller groups share the General's seeming desire to get the United States tangled in a full-scale war with China. But these are really minute groups of no strength or importance. The great majority of Republicans, like most of the

* Since this talk was broadcast (on April 9) General MacArthur has been relieved of all his commands

Democrats, believe that we have too much war already. There is no popular desire to get into more war with China or with anyone else for that matter. The present alliance between General MacArthur and the Republicans is strictly for domestic political ends only. The Republicans are bound to be for anyone whom Harry Truman disciplines, particularly when the face of the man involved is what the magazines call 'photogenic'.

Common Enmity

The Republicans and the General are drawn together by their common enmity, not by agreement on high policy. I suppose one of the many tragedies in all this is that General MacArthur mistakes some of this Republican enthusiasm as support for his policies on far eastern matters. Perhaps the General thinks that if he keeps on just a little longer with his campaign, he and his Republican friends will succeed in changing the policies of Washington. I am very sure that this is a mistake. The most important fact about Washington today is that the foreign policies of the Truman Administration are stronger than the Administration itself. This showed up most clearly in the outcome of the debate on the issue of sending more American troops to Europe. There was never at any moment any real doubt during that debate about sentiment in Congress on the policy involved. The majority of the Congress believes in the rightness of the effort to defend Europe. The final vote in the Senate on sending the troops was sixty-nine in favour to twenty-one opposed. That is a better than three to one majority. Everything that the Government has proposed doing was approved. The plan is to send four more divisions. The Senate said 'yes' on that proposal. The only thing the Senate declined to do was to leave it entirely in Mr. Truman's hands to decide at some future time to send more. The Senate, by a narrow majority, has said that if Mr. Truman does later decide to send more troops, the Senate wishes Mr. Truman to come to Capitol Hill and to talk it over first. That is not as unreasonable as it may sound at a distance. This is the first time in American history that this country has ever sent a whole army overseas except in war.

The remarkable thing, I think, is that the Senate approved sending four divisions by a three to one majority, not that the Senate also passed a resolution asking to be consulted before any further troops are sent. A number of Senators who believe in defending Europe voted for the restriction because they believe in all sincerity that the President should not exercise complete and unchecked freedom to send American forces anywhere he may choose and at any time. There were also some who voted for the restraining resolution as a means of expressing their general disapproval of the Truman Administration. This was another opportunity for them, just like the MacArthur issue, for Republicans to harass, harry and bedevil the Government party. The Republicans' slogan is that the people have lost confidence in Mr. Truman. They give this contention as much substance as they can at every turn by voting against Mr. Truman at any and every opportunity. The MacArthur matter can too easily be seen out of focus, just as the debate over troops to Europe got out of focus.

The most important thing for you in Britain to realise about this MacArthur affair is that the General himself has long since ceased to exercise direct or decisive control over the course of the war in Korea or events in the far east. Nominally he is in control; actually he is a senior adviser whose advice has been rejected. One of the reasons the American Government has left him there until this time is because they thought they had worked out the perfect formula for keeping the use of his prestige without letting him exercise real authority. He did have real authority up till the time he made his great mistake about the Chinese coming into the Korean war. After the defeat below the Yalu, General Ridgway was sent to take real command. The appearances and amenities were preserved. General MacArthur remained as nominal commander; in fact, General Ridgway commands in Korea under the direct supervision of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington.

Perhaps that is one reason why General MacArthur has been doing so much talking of late. The truth has been getting around and has been getting published. Perhaps he has been trying to regain the appearance of power by making public pronouncements along with his more frequent flying visits to the front. If he had done just a little less letter-writing and granting of interviews, the whole matter would shortly have resolved itself. He has announced that he will retire when the Japanese peace treaty is signed; that would be the easy and the graceful way out for everyone. It is one of the reasons that American diplomacy is pressing so urgently and earnestly now for the signing of the Japanese treaty. If your Government really wishes to help Mr. Truman delete the MacArthur voice from far eastern policy, the kindest way would be to help get that peace treaty signed. To ask Mr. Truman to sack General MacArthur now would be just about as unfriendly as it would be for Mr. Truman to ask Mr. Attlee to issue a manifesto denouncing the health scheme.

Here in Washington, the White House, State Department and Defence Department have all been looking forward to that blessed day on the horizon when the treaty would be signed and General MacArthur would retire gracefully from the public stage. Matters were rocking along well enough for quite a while. The last previous time General MacArthur caused trouble was by a series of pronouncements trying to explain his November defeat into a great stroke of military genius. That caused a presidential order to all United States field commanders to refrain from public statements touching on foreign policy. That was on last December 5. General MacArthur subsided after that for over three months. He did not speak up again until March 15. He was becoming a forgotten man of the Korean war. It was General Ridgway who was mentioned in all the despatches. Had there been no MacArthur statements, or pronouncements, or interviews, the MacArthur name might have disappeared from the public scene. In fairness to him, it perhaps should be pointed out that except for the March 25 statement—the one calling on the Chinese to surrender—all his recent utterances have come because someone wrote him a letter or went to see him. It is not an unfamiliar phenomenon for elderly generals to respond to such flattering requests for their views. I do think a number of people have been getting unnecessarily excited about the things they think General MacArthur's various remarks might do. I have been reading about some declarations that he must be sacked before he bombs Manchuria, or sends Chiang Kai-shek to the mainland of China, or persuades the United States to forget about Europe and plunge into the vastnesses of China. This is all making too much of the affair.

No Authority to Bomb Bases

General MacArthur does not have the authority to send Chiang Kai-shek anywhere; he does not determine the emphasis we place on Europe versus Asia; the Senate has, in fact, just affirmed its continuing and earnest interest in Europe by approving the despatch of four American divisions to General Eisenhower's armies. Finally, General MacArthur does not have the authority to bomb bases in Manchuria. He would like to have that authority, apparently; he has been arguing for it in every one of his recent public pronouncements. General MacArthur does not have that authority; he is not going to obtain that authority. If there is to be any bombing of bases in Manchuria, it would be after your British military people have agreed with our top American people at the Pentagon that it has to be done: then the orders would go to General Ridgway. You may be sure that no such order will be given until and unless there is a change on the Korean battlefield. If the Chinese attack under front-line air support there could be a different feeling about Manchurian bases, but it will not be General MacArthur who will make the decision or issue the orders. All he is really doing is providing an opportunity for a lot of Republicans to make newspaper headlines by attacking Mr. Truman.—*Home Service*

The Revolution in Asia

By VICTOR PURCELL

BY the end of the nineteenth century it seemed that Asia had lost its personality and its voice and was content to allow Europeans to carry on its administration and to speak for it in its dealings with foreign states. Today Matthew Arnold's 'The East bow'd low before the blast' no longer has any meaning and it is absurd to talk any more of Europe's 'holding the Gorgeous East in fee'. Asia is reasserting itself with ever increasing tempo, and a new continent is emerging.

The most surprising thing about the emergence of this new Asia is the speed with which it is happening. As recently as the very end of the nineteenth century Asia was still, on the face of it, completely resigned to its fate and submissive to the west; there was scarcely a sign that the continent was on the eve of a change soon to become a revolution. One would have thought that any alteration in the existing order of things must be in the direction of an even greater control by Europeans. At the end of the nineteenth century the Chinese Empire was in the last stages of decomposition and it seemed inevitable that before long the country would break up into small parts, the biggest, perhaps, the size of a province; in India, it looked as if the British Raj might last for ever; in Indonesia the Dutch were in complete control and worried only by a new sense of their obligations towards their subject peoples; Burma, Malaya, British Borneo and Indo-China, as well as the outer territories of Indonesia, were of interest merely as regions of colonial expansion and development; Siam maintained only a nominally independent existence within the framework of European trade; the Philippines were submitting at length to their new Mother Country, the United States. Japan alone showed some traces of nationalism in the sense we understand the word now; but it was hard to imagine even Japan within the foreseeable future being strong enough to defeat one of the great Western Powers.

But although fifty years ago—at the end of Queen Victoria's reign—nationalism, in its modern sense, did not exist in Asia, this does not mean that there were no divisions caused by racial and communal pride and prejudice. Racial sentiment was as strong as it had ever been; while Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists were, in Gibbon's words, 'Flattered by the opinion that they alone were the heirs of the covenant', local differences were as yet more important than national ones. Yet nationalism, imported from the west, was already in existence, though almost unnoticed. We, wise long after the event, can see it growing there when we look back; some small signs, perhaps, but important ones: children, for instance, in the British, Dutch, French and American possessions were pointedly taught of the struggle between King and Parliament or of Wilkes and Liberty, of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, of the French Revolution, of the War of Independence; growing up, they began to apply the lessons to their own country: why was it that they still were under foreign rule?

Douwes Dekker, a Dutchman, wrote a novel called *Max Havelaar*, in

which he described the sufferings of the Javanese peasants under the culture system. This book not only disturbed the conscience of the people of Holland almost as much as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had that of the American people, but also—and more importantly—started the educated Javanese thinking too; in Indo-China, the French, late in the field of colonial expansion, tried to spread the advantages of French civilisation, only to find that in doing so they had aroused the patriotism

of the Annamese, reminding them that they had an ancient culture of their own. In India, through the influence of British ideals, the process towards nationalism was more advanced than anywhere else in Asia—already Congress was a centre around which national sentiment gathered; in the Philippines, Jose Rizal, executed by the Spanish, became the martyr to a new-born national cause.

Western education, too, reminded Asians that it was only quite recently—recently, that is, by the historical scale—that they themselves had lost their lead in practical things. When the Portuguese first arrived in India they found that native cloth, ornaments, and other goods were superior to those

they brought to sell; Asian shipbuilding was ahead of European until well into the eighteenth century; as late as 1793 the Chinese emperor could assure a British ambassador that China had everything she wanted and had no need of European goods. It was only after the Industrial Revolution that China was ousted as the main Asian factory for textiles and pots and pans. As for science, in a later period the Asians were able to prove that individually at any rate they could master the most difficult techniques, and only a year or so ago a Japanese won the Nobel Prize for atomic physics.

Why did it take Asia such a long time to emerge from her submission, and why, when the process started, was it so swift? It seems to me that Asia's long centuries of inertia were due to the educational backwardness of the region, which acted as an insulator to western ideas; but that there existed under a passive surface a powerful revolutionary impulse ready to emerge once the conditions became favourable. It was the Russo-Japanese war of 1903-5 which started the Asiatic movement for independence; forty years later it was the Japanese occupation of south-east Asia which created a revolution. It is said that in 1905 the Annamese planted lotuses in their fields in honour of the first victory of an Asian over a European power; in 1911 in China, the Manchu dynasty collapsed under the first experimental blows of the revolutionaries. Significantly, about that time too, something which in Chinese had always been a tacit assumption became a written law: 'Once a Chinese, always a Chinese, and your children after you'; this gave the tone to Chinese nationalism. In those countries of south-east Asia which possessed large Chinese minorities this law aroused fear, since it hindered the absorption of Chinese immigrants into the local population and so became a challenge to the national survival of the natives. And, of course, it provoked their own sense of nationalism.



A Chinese crowd cheering a march-past in Red Square, Peking

When the second world war was extended to Asia—India, China, and, needless to say, Japan, became increasingly nationalistic; but south-east Asia was, it seemed, still submissive to colonial rule. In Burma there was, indeed, an active sedition which gave the British cause for anxiety, but in Indonesia and Annam the would-be insurgents had received a set-back through the energetic measures of the Dutch and French authorities. In all this region, it seemed in 1939 that the advance towards independence, if it took place at all, must be within the framework of gradual constitutional progress and conceded as an act of benevolence by the Metropolitan Power. But the war and the Japanese occupation of south-east Asia changed the situation beyond all recognition. Japanese rule followed by Japanese defeat transformed struggling national movements into revolutions.

Is re-emerging Asia moving back to the time before the arrival of the Europeans, re-creating its ancient societies; or is it moving towards something entirely new? Of its countries, China has been a cultural and, with fluctuating boundaries, a political unity for over 3,000 years; India, though never a single civilisation, had yet been almost unified under Asoka and later under the Moghuls; south-east Asia had its empires of wide but indefinite sway.

Move towards a New Unity?

If we look back at history we shall see that each time these regions broke up into small parts it was only to be united again in another pattern. What, then, is the new unity to which the countries of Asia are moving? Even if we were able to conjure up the future political map of Asia we might not be much the wiser for it. Different forms of government and spheres of influence might cut across an essential unity, and we should still have to ask ourselves what, in a deeper sense, is this new and unknown synthesis towards which the Far East is moving. It seems to me—and this is only speculation—that the tendency is towards a new unity on the basis of western ideas—political, social, economic, and technological; the far east is asserting its independence of the west in terms of the principles the west has taught it—self-determination, human rights, democracy, emancipation of women, constitutionalism, economic planning, and industrialisation; this is true even when the insurgents appeal to the inverted Hegelian, Karl Marx, or to the communism of Mao Tse-tung. I can see nowhere among the leaders of Asia a zeal for the simple life of Gandhi, but everywhere—amongst the leaders and the people—the desire to raise the standard of living, with everything that this phrase implies.

If this is true, then east and west, in spite of conflicts, are moving in much the same direction. If we believe with Professor Toynbee that 'of all the civilisations, dead or living, our own is the only one which is possibly not in decline', it follows that the old cultures of Asia have lost much of their vitality (Professor Toynbee indeed places the beginnings of China's decline at about A.D. 750). If then the Asian peoples are entering on a new phase of their existence, it is quite natural that they should adopt from western civilisation what appears to them to be the secret of the survival of the west, namely, the material and social techniques which are suggested by the phrase 'standard of living'; for the spiritual ideals of the west the Asians have little appetite—the educated Asian considers them degenerate, and he prefers his own.

The demands of the Asian delegates at all United Nations conferences in the last few years have always been for industrialisation, technical training, better transport—everything which would ensure a higher standard of living. Whether Asia will choose a capitalist, socialist, or communist organisation to provide this higher standard is again a matter for speculation. In India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia, and the Philippines there is a preference for democracy among the European-educated middle class; but in China the tradition of an absolute monarchy makes easy that country's acceptance of a totalitarian regime.

Can the people of Asia absorb western ideas without changing their essential nature? Sir George Sansom answers the question for Japan at least when he says that, though in a limited sense the Japanese came under western influence, what was finally adopted was, if western in shape, thoroughly Japanese in colour and substance. As to China, it seems to me that we must wait to see whether Marx-Leninism retains its original nature or becomes thoroughly Chinese. So far as institutions such as the family are concerned, I doubt very much whether they have the vitality to resist the impact of new doctrines: the first lesson of a new series of Chinese textbooks, for instance, runs: 'I do not want my father: I do not want my mother: I want my country'. This is a far cry from the traditional Chinese filial piety.

Whatever the essential nature of the change, Asian countries are reacting strongly against the west as represented by the European or American *man*. They do not object to our *ideas*; they object to us. They do not want western control; they seek to give their ambitions a local and national appearance. Just as in Rome the new *jus gentium* was eventually hailed as the natural law, just as Rousseau in France called for a return to Man the Noble Savage, so have the Chinese played the same game. Under traditional trappings Confucius and Mo Tzu introduced ideas that were essentially new; it was a Chinese prince who relied on historical argument to recommend the introduction of mathematics into the purely literary civil service examinations (mathematics, he said, were a Chinese invention); and it was the nationalists in Java who interpreted every phase of their revolutionary campaign as the realisation of their native prophesy of Chayabaya. But in spite of the traditionalist influence on the revolution, what the eastern nations are aiming at, consciously or unconsciously, is not the recovery of a fabulous age, but the achievement of a new synthesis.

When I suggest that Asia is adopting forms which have developed in the modern west, I am not saying that it is abandoning its traditional methods of thought. Far from it. Western philosophy and ethics—as I said before—have had remarkably little effect on Asia. 'The west knows how to fly through the air like the birds: it knows how to swim under the sea like the fishes; but it has not yet learnt to walk on the earth like men'. This is a Hindu philosopher speaking.

The East-West Philosophers' Conference, held at the University of Hawaii in 1949, came to the conclusion that the conflicts which had been thought to divide eastern and western theories of reality are not irreconcilable; nor was any real east-west division discovered in moral doctrine and ethical theory. The ethics of love and compassion were found to be the central doctrine of all the schools. Is then a unity between east and west possible? The conclusion the conference came to was that any synthesis must be on the level of metaphysics—a union on the secondary levels of ethical values and practice would be inadequate and therefore unsound.

I have stressed the magnitude and suddenness of the revolution in Asia, but I should not like to give the impression that Asia has done something that never could have been expected of it; and that it has in some way betrayed its essential nature. That is not the feeling one gets from the countries of the far east over the years; each step seems to belong to a natural order of things. But though there have been revolutions in Asia before, there never was one on such a grandiose scale. None the less, this is not a real break with the past: Asia's history is still of a piece, uniting Ghenghis Khan to Tseng Kuo-fen, and Confucius to Mao Tse-tung in what Blake calls a 'fearful symmetry'.—*Third Programme*

Money in a Maelstrom, by J. W. Beyen (Macmillan, 15s.) will be of interest to students of economic history. The author is a former President of the Bank of International Settlements and now Executive Director of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and he is here concerned with problems of international monetary co-operation, which he treats not analytically but descriptively, drawing on his extensive personal experience in this field. He outlines the various attempts at international co-operation since the first world war—from the efforts in the nineteen-twenties to restore the finances of Germany and Austria to Bretton Woods agreements and the European Payments Union. He presents a realistic, if depressing, picture of the intellectual confusion regarding both the ends and means sought in the negotiations of the inter-war years. He appears to write of these negotiations as they seemed at the time, not criticising them in the light of later knowledge. By comparison, the agreements following the second world war, in spite of shortcomings, seem clear in purpose and logical in means, and though he admits that 'it is impossible not to be mistaken in one's judgment on contemporary events and developments' Mr. Beyen is very hopeful that they will prove successful instruments of international co-operation. It should be emphasised that Mr. Beyen writes, as he says, as a 'practitioner' of economics not as an economic scientist, and it is to fellow practitioners that he addresses himself. While they will find his book informative, they should beware of accepting uncritically many of his judgments, for the author has the practical man's bias for making statements as though they were obvious and universal truths without bothering to prove their general validity, and indeed in many cases he would have great difficulty in so doing. For example, is it necessarily true that 'stability of exchange rates of inconvertible currencies is better than inconvertibility of currencies with fluctuating rates' or that 'non-discriminatory multiple rates are less objectionable than exchange systems that discriminate between transactions with different countries'?

Can India's Millions be Fed?

By O. H. K. SPATE

FOR about a third of the people of the Republic of India the staple food-grains are rationed, and in January of this year the ration was cut from twelve ounces a day to nine ounces, plus an additional four ounces for heavy manual workers. It is true that this reduction, like our own meat cut, is temporary; but compare even the normal twelve ounces with the ration-scales suggested by the Medical Research Council for far eastern conditions. These scales are: for emergencies twelve ounces, for moderate work twenty, for heavy work twenty-four. It is obvious that a population of well over 325,000,000 people, living chiefly on grain, must be supported for the most part from Indian soil; and since the normal ration is inadequate by the Medical Research Council's standards, it is also obvious that there must be a great increase in agricultural output to feed even the existing population decently. And to this population each year adds three or four million new mouths to be fed.

Two Lines of Attack

How can this necessary increase in food production be attained? Broadly there are two possible lines of attack, though the two may, and indeed should, go hand in hand. These are, first, the extension of the cultivated area; and second, the intensification of production on land already tilled. The first of these—the extension of the cultivated area—is perhaps the more popular; it is the more spectacular and the more easily grasped. Flying over the great plains of the Punjab (in what is now Western Pakistan) we see below us a Roman landscape, all four-square and regimented: straight roads and canals, large rectangular fields, villages grouped in neat squares around a central well. Some sixty or eighty years ago all this was a waste of sand and thin rough grazing and scattered thorn-trees, inhabited mainly by lizards and cattle-thieves; it has been transformed into a thriving countryside by those great irrigation works which are the finest material monument of British rule—far finer than the showy splendours of New Delhi. If this could be done in the Punjab, why not elsewhere? The question seems particularly apt when we see that about a fifth of the whole area of British India was officially classified as 'culturable waste'.

But probably nobody knows just what is included in the 'culturable waste', and still less how it came to be so called. The only thing certain about it is simply that most of it is a good deal more waste than culturable; and indeed it is now officially styled 'Other Uncultivated Land excluding Current Fallows'. But the old fallacy dies hard, and we still find writers who should know better making cheerful calculations on the assumption that here is a vast reserve of useful land—about 90,000,000 acres of it in the Indian Union—simply waiting to be ploughed. But surely, in a country where population presses so closely on the means of sustenance that there is well under one acre of cultivated land for each inhabitant, if this waste were in fact culturable without an altogether prohibitive capital outlay it would have been cultivated long ago. The Government of India, which is far from defeatist in these matters, reckons on only 10,000,000 reclaimable acres, of which it proposes to clear 6,000,000, largely by great tractor schemes. But even of these 6,000,000 only 2,000,000 are really new ground, the rest being land recently driven out of cultivation by the spread of deep-rooting grasses. Obviously such land will be relatively marginal, much inferior in productivity to the general run of land in the great cultivated plains. Our 'culturable waste', then, must be virtually written off, except where it can be brought under large-scale irrigation.

Here indeed there are great potentialities, but also very serious limitations, of which the most obvious is simply that the best options were taken up long ago. The geographical conditions of the Punjab are exceptionally favourable: rivers fed in spring by snow-melt from the Himalayas, so that their low-water season is distinctly shorter than that of the great rivers of the Deccan; a terrain admirably suited to canal construction; and, not least, soil which was not only virgin to the plough but also, owing to the low rainfall, had not been deprived of

its soluble minerals by the alternations of drought with heavy rain which rule over much of the rest of the sub-continent. To some extent similar conditions are found in the west of the Ganges plains, but here, too, there is already a large development of irrigation, and the only really big area in the Indian Union where there are possibilities like those of the Pakistani Punjab are in the Indian portion—East Punjab—where a great development scheme, based on the Sutlej, is already in hand. Incidentally, this has led to an acute dispute with Pakistan over rights of user in the waters of the Punjab rivers—but that is another matter.

It is true that there are the great multi-purpose development projects which, like the Tennessee Valley scheme in the United States, will include hydro-electric power generation, irrigation, flood control and control of soil erosion—soil erosion, in India as elsewhere, is a most menacing problem. These projects have fired the imagination of independent India; they include the taming of the turbulent Kosi, which descends from Nepal to devastate thousands of square miles of the Ganges plain by its ever-swinging changes of course; the harnessing of the Damodar, which runs through India's major coalfields; the irrigation of about 3,000,000 acres from the greatest of the Deccan rivers, the Godavari. But, by and large, only the very largest of these will actually bring in much new land; the rest will provide much-needed security for agriculture in those large areas where rainfall is normally sufficient for dry crops but is also very unreliable, so that one year out of five may see a disastrous failure of the crops. This in turn raises new problems: it is much easier to start from scratch, to make a blade of wheat grow in the Punjab where none grew before, than it is to make two blades of rice grow where one grew before, as in the deltas of the east coast. In the Cauvery delta in the south of Madras, for instance, there is a thousand-year-old irrigation system in which the cuts from the river simply filled with its normal monsoon flood. Modern irrigation, using the great storage dam (which is also a power site) at Mettur, theoretically means a great improvement, enabling the canals to be filled at any time, and so ensuring against the risks of a failure of rains, when the old-fashioned inundation canals obviously failed also. But in practice it has upset the farming systems of the delta, which in their long evolution had become admirably adjusted to the natural conditions.

Among the results of the new system are the overcharging of the natural drainage lines, leading to increased malaria and a rise of the ground-water, which endangers the valuable orchards of some parts of the delta. Above all, there is the loss of the valuable silt which, on the old system, used to revivify the fields each year, and is now trapped behind the great dam at Mettur. These things can doubtless be guarded against, but they suggest that a more cautious approach to irrigation expansion may be wiser in the long run.

Time and Money

The real rocks on which plans for extending area may split are time and money. Already many of the more important schemes have been indefinitely shelved, or greatly whittled down, for lack of money; while all projects put together would add around 20,000,000 acres to the irrigated area, those started—and most of them are but barely started—will command only half that. Assuming that all these could be productive by 1953—which is really out of the question—and making every allowance for reclamation, grow-more-food campaigns, and so forth, the total increase in output could not be more than ten per cent. But by 1953 the population is likely to be at least fifteen per cent. greater than it was in 1941. The frontal assault by itself is thus hopeless.

The other approach, that of intensification, is far more complex. What is needed is to turn the Indian peasant into a modern farmer, so far as his scanty resources in land and capital allow; against this is the very excellence of his traditions as an old-fashioned farmer. True, he is at once conservative and improvident, but these things are forced upon him by the pressure of his social and physical environment.

(continued on page 583)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on General MacArthur's letter

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

The 'Third' Man

THE would-be listener to the B.B.C.'s Third Programme—or the 'Third' man—who in the past has complained that he would have sampled this programme more often if only he could have received it better on his set, now has an opportunity. From last Sunday the programme has been broadcast on its wavelength of 464 metres from a brand new high-power transmitter at Daventry. This transmitter, it is reckoned, has an average radius of 100 miles embracing Worcester and Bury St. Edmunds, Sheffield and Winchester, and will enable the programme to reach about seventy per cent. of the total population of the United Kingdom. It must be remembered that, in addition to the radiation of the Programme from this main transmitter, it is also radiated from a number of low-powered transmitters covering local areas such as Redruth in Cornwall and Brighton in Sussex. There are two aspects of the new transmitter that are of significance to the ordinary listener. In the first place, it is of much higher power than the old Third Programme transmitters. When the Programme was begun in 1946 it was radiated from a 20-kilowatt transmitter at Droitwich. Last year it came from a temporary 60-kilowatt transmitter at Daventry. But the new transmitter is being used with a power of 150 kilowatts—a power which was permitted to the B.B.C. under the wavelength plan agreed to at Copenhagen last year. Moreover, the new transmitter consists of twin units working in parallel and each in itself capable of an output of 100 kilowatts. If one of the units for any reason goes out of action, it will thus be possible to continue broadcasting on a power of 100 kilowatts while the defect is put right.

The other respect in which the new transmitter will give good service is, it is hoped, by reducing the amount of 'fading'. Fading is a subject at once difficult and recondite. But in particular it occurs after dark. The Third Programme, being broadcast throughout most of the year during the hours of darkness, therefore has at least seemed to be more subject to fading than its sisters who work longer hours. The aerial or, to be precise, the 'mast radiator' at Daventry is, apart from the television mast at Sutton Coldfield, the highest in England and is specially designed to give as large a fading-free service area as possible. It is of interest that this aerial, a creature of copper and steel, stands in isolated majesty, for the control engineer is stationed at the transmitters a mile and a half away from the aerial in the identical building which housed the famous 5XX transmitter of 1925 built in the salad days of the B.B.C. By way of contrast with that time now seemingly so far away, these transmitters may actually be controlled in the ultimate future from a remote point, for example, by an engineer sitting in Broadcasting House in London.

So we progress. Indeed in these days we are rather *blasé* and tend to take the magic of wireless for granted. But, as Aristotle observed, the best judge of the dinner is not the cook but the eater, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. For years the B.B.C. has been told and has been aware that, though its Third Programme might be a unique achievement in the field of sound broadcasting, only a relatively small number of people could receive it adequately. As soon as the Copenhagen Plan was agreed to, the chance to improve the service was seized. The question remains whether the opportunity will be used, whether more of the 'serious listeners' for whom the Programme was designed will be forthcoming to hear those masterpieces of music, drama and letters which lend themselves to transmission in sound. We must hope that it will in fact be so. If not, it would be a sad reflection upon the cultural life and interests of our citizens.

LAST WEEK COMMENTARIES on the international situation centred on the second anniversary of the Atlantic Pact; Mr. Morrison's first speech as Foreign Minister; and General MacArthur's latest pronouncement. Dealing in historical terms with subjects of dispute between the communist world and the west, Moscow radio broadcast two lectures for students of Marxism-Leninism on the 'international character' of the Russian Revolution. These lectures were interesting in that they singled out social democracy, 'the ideological mainstay of capitalism', as the chief enemy of communism. The first lecturer said that Stalin had declared that capitalism would never recover from the wounds which the Russian Revolution had dealt it; but, as Stalin again had said, an end could not be put to capitalism 'without putting an end to social democracy within the working-class movement'. Therefore, 'an uncompromising struggle' must be waged against right-wing socialists.

The second anniversary of the signing of the Atlantic Pact evoked a commentary from Moscow radio which was broadcast in numerous foreign languages:

The last two years have proved that the Soviet Foreign Ministry was correct in its assessment of the pact as the main instrument of the aggressive policy of the United States of America. The high-flown phrases of western diplomacy about the 'defensive nature' of the North Atlantic bloc has been given the lie by the gigantic armaments of the members of the pact and by the fact that west German remilitarisation is entailed as a part of the pact's preparations. . . . Another important purpose of the pact is the suppression of democratic freedom, since, according to its terms, any act on the part of the people against the rulers of the European countries under American control is considered as 'indirect aggression'. During the last two years the North Atlantic Pact has increased the danger of war.

General MacArthur's recent pronouncement was another target for Moscow radio's attacks last week, though he was described as 'only the handyman of the Washington magnates of capital', and so, it was 'not for him to decide what is to be done'. Once again, said one broadcast, MacArthur has clearly shown that the American imperialists planned to seize not only Korea, but also China; and his statement had evoked profound indignation among all peoples who loved peace. A Moscow broadcast relayed for many foreign audiences explained that a 'peaceful solution of the Korean problem could be found along the following lines: (1) all foreign troops must be withdrawn; (2) Chinese sovereignty over Formosa must be restored; (3) the Chinese People's Government must be admitted to the United Nations. These things accomplished, there would then have to be a conference of the five Great Powers and of India and Egypt, which had voted in favour of a peaceful solution of the Korean conflict in the United Nations. Such a conference, concluded the Moscow broadcast, could adjust all outstanding far eastern problems.

Criticisms of General MacArthur's statement came also from many commentators in the free world, who called upon those responsible for western policy to impose a stricter limitation on his powers. Newspapers in India expressed particular concern. The *Hindustan Times* stated:

If Russian troops enter Korea, or if General MacArthur uses his discretion—or rather misuses it, as he is accustomed to do—to bomb Manchurian bases, there can be no doubt that what has so far been a limited war will immediately develop into a global war whose course no one can predict.

Among American newspapers which were quoted as particularly critical of General MacArthur's statement advocating the use of Chinese Nationalist forces to open an Asiatic second front, were the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. The *New York Times* concluded: 'MacArthur's pronouncements are a disservice both to our cause and to himself'. The *Herald Tribune* concluded:

The policy outlined in the MacArthur letter runs directly counter to the policy being followed in Washington—and the policy favoured by most thoughtful Americans. There is only one way in which the air can be cleared: through really forceful, frank and energetic leadership from the White House.

The same newspaper, discussing Mr. Morrison's speech, observed that his desire for a settlement in Korea implied no form of appeasement of the Chinese Government, and expressed agreement with the British Foreign Minister that the present military situation in Korea offered a reasonable basis for agreement.

Did You Hear That?

THE MAGIC BOX

'MY OWN PARTICULAR RESPONSIBILITY for the last few years has been broadcasting to Africans in Central Africa—Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland', said HARRY FRANKLIN in a Home Service talk. 'There were plenty of technical difficulties to be overcome, but the most puzzling part of the job was deciding what programmes to give to the fifty-odd different tribes of Central Africa, with a way of life and a philosophy quite different from ours. I remember an old European trader who was driving me from Entebbe to Kampala saying "You know the trouble with Uganda is bananas". I said "Good Lord, why bananas?" "Well", he said, "look around you. The natives won't work. Look at them outside their huts, sitting under their little clumps of banana trees. When they're hungry they reach up and pick one, either eat it ripe, or get a green bunch for their wives to stew or to pound up into flour, and if they feel like a party they make a banana spirit, and get very happy on it too". That made me laugh, which pleased the trader, but I wasn't laughing at the story at all. I had just suddenly visualised one of the Africans under the banana trees turning to his friend as we passed and saying, "You know the trouble with Uganda is these Europeans; they *will* try to make us work. Why haven't they got the sense to sit under a banana tree and be happy?"

'That was the sort of way we had to think in developing our radio programmes for Africans—not quite like that perhaps, but we had to try to think as Africans thought. We had to learn something of their tribal laws and customs, their religious beliefs, their strange music and musical instruments, their impromptu village plays and so on. We had to try to imagine ourselves leading their lives and we made some pretty funny mistakes and discovered some very odd things in this process of producing a broadcast technique suitable for Africans. We have still a good deal to learn about it yet.

'We seemed to be generally lucky in our blunders and profited a good deal from them. Last year the Paramount Chief of Barotseland sent us an urgent telegram from the little provincial post of Mongu, asking us to buy him a "saucepan radio" and air freight it to him immediately. He and his people were most impressed with the set—entirely owing to a mistake in our news service. A friend of mine who was the District Commissioner of Mongu, used to write me "newsy" letters, sometimes straight news, sometimes background, not for publication. He sent me a letter about a forthcoming election of a Councillor for the Barotse Native Court. There were three candidates, Solami, Muliwani and Mowa. That and a few other details were the straight news, but the District Commissioner went on to tell me that it was fairly certain that Solami would be elected, as the people liked him but didn't like Muliwani who, they said, had a beard like a goat and spent too much time chasing the girls, they didn't like Mowa either who they thought was too fond of his beer and wasn't very intelligent.

'The District Commissioner had to count the votes and when the time came, which was the same day as his letter reached us, he took his saucepan radio out with him to the Chief's village. He counted the votes, and Solami, as prophesied, won. It was close on five o'clock and our local news bulletin was due, so he switched on the set to let the people hear. After two or three minutes we announced that the Barotse election had just been held and that Solami had been elected as Councillor. Muliwani had failed because the people didn't like his

beard and so on, and Mowa too was not popular because of his lack of intelligence and capacity for beer swigging. The Barotse crowd were completely dumbfounded. Obviously the little box could see what went on round it and then describe it. The box apparently had a sense of humour too, and after the first shock of surprise had passed, the crowd roared with laughter—all except Muliwani and Mowa'.

SECRET ABORIGINAL RITES DISCLOSED

Students of anthropology have been discussing a film showing secret rites, which up to now have been seen by only one white man, the man who actually made the film. Dr. T. G. STREHLOW, who came from Australia to show his film before the Royal Anthropological Society, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'These secret gatherings', he said, 'rise from the aboriginals' belief that their ancestors emerged from the earth. They say that when the world was first made there were no mountains or other physical features. It was quite flat, and at various places under its surface there slept supernatural immortal beings. At the beginning of time, the aboriginals tell you, these ancestors awakened and emerged. Where they walked they left a trail of rivers or mountain ranges, and so the earth was given physical features. The aboriginals believe that each ancestor is associated with one particular animal or plant, and while most ancestors walk around in human form, they can also turn themselves into the animal or plant with which they are associated. And you have to be careful in your dealings with them. It seems ultimately these ancestors went back underground or changed to trees or rocks, and the purpose of the gatherings which I attended was to tell the story of how they came from the earth and returned to the earth. Sometimes these meetings are accompanied by dancing—pretty wild dancing. But

usually the elders sit on their heels and tell the story of their ancestors' comings and goings in a chanting verse, and although there is little movement there is a certain something that makes a great impression on even a white man.

'The surrounding mountains are rugged in the extreme. The rocks embrace every shade through the reds and browns to cream, and ghost gums rise from among them like tall white ghosts. The chanting gradually increases until the main actors in the story of the ancestors enter the scene. They are naked, except for the red and white eagle feathers stuck into the upper part of the bodies. These are stuck in position with blood donated by members of the group; blood because the actors are taking part in a sacred play in which every movement and gesture is dictated by tradition'.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

Mr. Peter Varnon collects ancient street lamps and part of his collection will be on view in the Transport section of the South Bank Exhibition. AUDREY RUSSELL visited his collection in Hampstead and spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'To the uninitiated', she said, 'it might seem to be a difficult proposition to come by a street lamp, but Mr. Varnon knows what he wants, marks down his prey, writes to the local authorities asking them to let him know when a certain type of lamp is being scrapped. He sometimes buys a new lamp for the old one, or, as with a windfall apple, he collects a rare specimen when a motorist crashes into a



Still from Dr. Strehlow's film of Australian aboriginal secret rites: an 'ancestor', the upper part of his body stuck with red and white eagle feathers. A ridge of the Macdonnell Range, Northern Territory, can be seen in the background

standard. In this way he has lamps of every shape and size. He possesses the first incandescent lamp used in Kensington—there are still a few there now. He has a very big lamp with a flat-flame burner from Birmingham, and several others in a big collection that may one day be valuable. The information he has amassed is extremely valuable, too. With his unique knowledge of the development of street lighting, he is consulted on modern design and the best way to adapt old lamp-posts to fit the new types of lantern now in use.

'I watched him repairing a six-sided lantern from Coventry that survived the blitz. It was an unusual one, he told me, because of a hook that hung down from the top, which indicated that it probably had had an oil-lamp attachment as an alternative to the then unpredictable gas. He described it as an "old Bagley". All lamps, it seems, are called after their original manufacturers. There are Sterlings, and Lamberts, and Whitehalls and Caxtons, and Mr. Varnon can tell at a glance where they used to stand and the year they were made. He can trace the development of the lamp from its earliest origins in 1809. He has cartoons showing that even such a public service as street lighting aroused indignation at first. An early French cartoon of his shows pedestrians wearing eye shades against the glare which, incidentally, was not much greater than candlelight'.

NO RELICS OF THE GREAT FIRE

'Standing at St. Magnus Corner', said IVOR NOEL-HUME in a Home Service talk, 'the top of the Monument can be seen which was erected to commemorate the Great Fire of London. It is usually attributed to Wren but it appears now that it was designed by the City Surveyor. It was originally intended to have a statue of Charles II on the top, but that was found to be too expensive, and so the present basket of flames was put there instead. The Monument took six years to build and is 202 feet high, the 202 feet being the distance from the memorial to the house of the king's baker, where the fire broke out. An inscription on the side states that, among other buildings, the fire destroyed 89 churches, 13,200 houses and 400 streets. In those days the houses were largely made of timber, and as they were built close together in narrow streets, the flames spread literally like wildfire.

'Pepys gives a fine description of the fire in his diary. His maid, Jane, was the first person to point it out to him, but at the time he thought nothing of it. He says: "I thought it far off; and so went to bed again; and to sleep". But when he got up in the morning, the flames had spread all down Fish Street, out across London Bridge, and in both directions down Thames Street. St. Magnus had already gone. He says that the people living in the area took all their valuables to the churches for safety. But even faith and stone walls were not enough and the churches themselves were soon on fire. The diary goes on: "The houses so very thick and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street, and warehouses of oil, and wines and brandy, and other things". The authorities tried to stop the fire to the left and to the right of London Bridge along Thames Street, by pulling down the houses at Three Cranes Wharf and Buttolphes Wharf. But the wind carried the flames away from the river, northward into the City. Once it had a good hold there was no stopping it and it went on for three days and nights before it died out, destroying 400 acres.

'One might imagine that, after so widespread a disaster as the Great Fire, relics of it would be turning up all over the place. But it is not so. Generally speaking, there are not as many signs of it as there are of the Roman fires that swept the City over 1,500 years earlier. Most of the evidence was destroyed when the Victorian builders were at work. In those days archaeology was in its infancy and so there were no observers to watch for the material when it appeared. Recent excavations near St. Magnus at Buttolphes Wharf did produce finds from the time of the Great Fire, but they revealed nothing of the fire itself. If there had been

no written records of the disaster, one would never have known that anyone had lit so much as a match in the area, and yet this was one of the spots in which it had raged most furiously'.

PIGEONS IN THE CORRIDOR

During a talk in the Home Service in which he described his recent travels in Spain, McDONALD PRAIN said: 'Railway travel in most

countries can be a pretty tedious business. But third class in Spain is a survival of the fittest. My passage to Seville was an absolute corker.

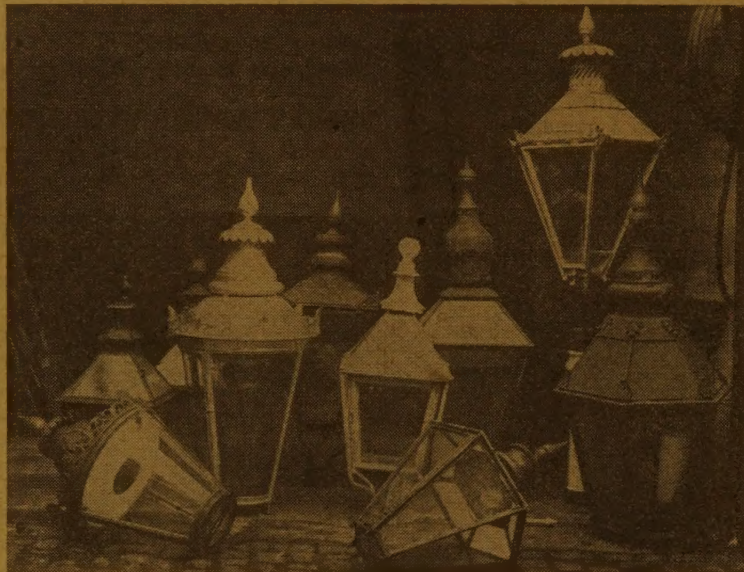
'To begin with the train was a couple of hours late, and as usual the thirds were packed with the crowds of peasants who seem to spend their lives in a perpetual state of transit from one part of Spain to another. I knew this passage was going to be heavy going, because long before the dusty brown coaches jangled to a standstill the doors began to burst open like the buttons off a waistcoat, and our eager forces on the platform began to get into position for the inevitable battle—the getters-on versus the getters-off. The getters-on are always at a distinct disadvantage, because the platforms are very low and the enemy can build up a great cumulative outward pressure by the

sheer force of gravity. A priest clambered up in front of me. He gathered his smock about his knees like a skirt, and pushed a long thin leg up to the wooden step below the door. One of his shoes was split at the back, and a bare heel peeped out like a pink half moon through a hole in his black woollen stocking. A farmer in a sheepskin jacket leant down and pulled us both on board like the survivors from a shipwreck, "*Hombre!*" he shouted. "A man would need legs like a camel to get on these trains". Fortunately, I have legs like a camel!

'The corridor inside was a sweltering turmoil of men, women, and children, earthenware pots, sacks of corn and straw baskets. The only available inch of space I could find was in the concertina link between the two compartments. The man with the pigeons did not seem to come on at any particular point in the journey—he just appeared. The shuffling motion of the concertina edged him along inch by inch until he was nearly on my lap. He was a wizened little man with a face like a wise old orang-outang peering out behind the collar of his tattered cloth jacket. On his knees he carried a large basket, with a hole about the size of half-a-crown in the end facing me. There were live pigeons inside. Each one of them had a pair of soft leather blinkers over its eyes. I wanted to know what sort of a game this was, so I bent over and shouted into his ear—"What are the pigeons for?"

'His wizened old face lit up and he began shouting some quick-fire explanation in some strange Spanish dialect I could not understand, but I gathered from his gesticulations it all had to do with catching wild pigeons, and the birds in the basket were his decoys. If I had only known he was going to demonstrate his art I would have played my hand more carefully, but he insisted we should go into the next corridor where he would demonstrate the trapping method in greater detail. This caused a storm of protest from the other passengers, until the little man explained he was going to show the *extranjero* how to catch pigeons. After a lot of argument and shifting of paraphernalia a space was cleared in front of the lavatory door. The catching apparatus was simple but ingenious—it consisted of a string net held down at each corner with a wooden peg. It was rigged up in such a way as to make it spring shut with a pull on a long cord. The only thing I had ever seen like it before was the old game of catching starlings and jackdaws with a riddle and a stick.

'This sort of diversion is dearly loved by the Spaniard, and the little man was very conscious of the fact that he was the star turn of the show. As he lifted each pigeon out of the basket, he fondled it close to his cheek, spoke to it softly, then set it down on the swaying floor of the corridor. It was almost uncanny to see him make the birds perform even in that confined space'.



Part of Mr. Peter Varnon's collection of old street lamps

Efficiency on the Farm

By J. T. BERESFORD

IT is often assumed that science has made all our industries more efficient than they were a hundred years ago. Is this true of farming? Really that is an impossible question to answer, factually and precisely. We have not got the data. They were not so particular in the old days about targets and tillage acreage, although, as it happens, they had rather more land under crops and grass than we have today. They did not have a Ministry of Agriculture; and they did not have quarterly returns. So I am going to beg the question, really. I shall try to suggest the kind of considerations we should have in mind if we were seriously going to set about answering it. And in doing so, I shall be not exactly irreverent, but a little awkward about efficiency.

In farming today, we have almost, it seems to me—and I may be wrong—got a bit too fanatical about efficiency. We tend to think and we are encouraged to think that modern methods are efficient and therefore we are good



Ploughing by steam in 1850: a trial at Grimsthorpe, the Lincolnshire seat of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby



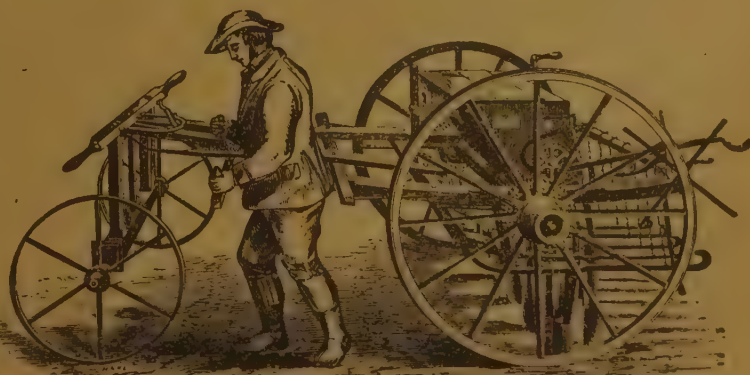
Combined threshing and stacking machine, which was awarded the Royal Agricultural Society's silver medal at the Society's Show at Leeds in 1851

farmers—I mean, those of us who are not incurably bad ones, and there are no longer so many of those about. Farming today is so full of bright particular glories and achievements. It is said, for instance, that if the farmlands of the United States were, or could be, as intensively farmed as Britain is being farmed, it would produce food for 100,000,000 more people. Well, that is nice to know. It is said, and it is a fact, that we are today the most highly mechanised farmers in the world: we have six or seven times as many tractors at work as we had before the war; we have 5,000,000 more acres under the plough; we are producing one-and-a-half times as much food off a slightly smaller area of agricultural land—and in order to do all this, and pay our men an honourable and well-deserved wage, and a lot more besides, we have put back into our businesses six and ninepence in every pound we have earned, in the last few years, and also doubled our overdraft at the bank. The last time I saw the figure it was £171,000,000 for the farming industry.

Farming, in fact, has brought itself up to date: it has returned to its former greatness, as one of the leading industries of this country:

25,000,000 people, more or less, are dependent upon us for all their food; 50,000,000 people are dependent upon us for all their milk, nearly all their vegetables and potatoes, half their meat and more than half their eggs—and as I got into trouble for saying the other day, the British farm, almost as a by-product, through the sugar-beet crop, grows annually enough sugar to sweeten the tea of every single one of our 685,000 civil servants for a hundred years, assuming that they all take sugar, and all drink ten cups a day.

Perhaps because there are so many statistics about—and perhaps because we have lost our sense of wonder—much of the significance of what has happened in British farming escapes us. Take the cow, for example—the average farmer's average dairy cow (there are 5,000,000 of them). Before the war she used to give 560 gallons of milk a year. That is about five times her own weight in milk. Nowadays, after ten years of improved management, improved feeding, and improved breeding, we have lifted her yield to 630 gallons—an increase of 70 gallons over a cow population of 5,000,000 and more. That is a considerable feat. Even the best cows, a hundred years ago, probably gave no more milk than the average cow in 1951.



Hornsbys' patent seed drill (on show at the Great Exhibition of 1851)

Illustrations from 'Picture Post' Library

Or again, take cereal yields. In great-grandfather's day, the average yield of an acre of wheat was fifteen hundredweight; barley yielded a little less. Oats averaged thirteen hundredweight. Over the last ten years, thanks to the plant breeder, and to a number of other circumstances, our wheat has averaged more than nineteen hundredweight, barley eighteen hundredweight, and oats sixteen and a half hundredweight. All of which suggests, or seems to suggest, that we are today more efficient than great-grandfather—and therefore, better farmers. But are we? In actual fact, efficiency has got very little to do with it.

Shaping the Modern Science of Farming

If we could look back to the eighteen-forties and -fifties, we should see a Britain in which the modern science of farming was being shaped for the whole western world. The great land improvers had drained the clays, built up the sands, and turned peat fens, mossy bogs and moors into fertile fields. All but three of the twenty breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs that enjoy world-wide reputation were British bred. Our lead was as great in agriculture as it was in industry, and it was no less decisive in mechanical invention. Jethro Tull had invented the drill in 1740. By 1851, improved drills such as Hornsby's, Garretts and Chandlers, were sowing the new 'portable' fertilisers, and if need be water in the case of dry soils, with the seed in a single operation. In the eighteen-twenties and -thirties, a Perthshire man, James Smith of Deanston, pioneered the science of systematic under-drainage, and combined it with a special type of deep ploughing to break up the subsoil. By 1850 soil drainage had become a science. The first power-reaper to work was invented in 1828, and was followed three years later by Cyrus McCormick's of Virginia. The first thresher was invented in 1785 and by the eighteen-fifties many good designs were on the market. The first hay-tedder appeared in 1843. A dozen firms were vying with one another in designing and making the agricultural implements which were mechanising farming on a prodigious scale. The Royal Agricultural Society's show at Gloucester in 1851 saw what, for those times, was an astonishing display of 2,000 implements. The demand for British implements was very great. Ransome's of Ipswich in 1851 were making a wide range of implements, among them no fewer than 300 distinct varieties of plough. Much of their output was going abroad where British implements were in demand as prototypes by local makers.

By the eighteen-forties the application of science to plant feeding was already well under way. At Rothamsted, on his family estate, Lawes carried the discoveries of Liebig from the laboratory into the field; his inspiration was largely instrumental in developing not only the science, but the manufacture and the application of 'artificial' on a practical scale. New methods, new crop-rotations were being tried out. Land-owners and farmers were laying out new farm-buildings on scientific, labour-saving lines which included the use of machinery run by steam-power, at first stationary and later portable, for every appropriate operation. Power-cultivation had come to stay and British farms and their equipment were incomparably the finest in the world.

Much of this development had taken place in times when what was traditionally the corn-growing half of England was feeling deeply the impact of Free Trade following the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. Then, in the eighteen-fifties and -sixties, the California gold discoveries gave a fillip to world trade and prosperity, and first the Crimean War, and next the American Civil War, heavily reduced the flow of wheat on to world markets. A hungry home population soared from 18,000,000 to 22,700,000, an increase of over one-quarter in twenty years, and the steady development of the farming genius of a century burst into the full flower of British Agriculture's Golden Age.

Today, after seventy years of neglect, the farming industry has once again entered upon its own. Since 1940, its achievements have been considerable—although they are not yet proved by the test of time—and they have been made in response to an overriding and self-evident national need. True, our modern methods have helped. But the source of renewed impulse now flowing through the farming industry is the certain evidence that the farmer's part, in peace as well as war, is needed again, and that his resources of land, skill and energy matter again to the economic and social health of the community. The modern methods and equipment he is learning—and in a sense we are always learning—to apply are of small significance compared with the state of mind, the devotion to land and job, which, however hidden, are to be found in all farmers worth the name. Without these things, no amount of new-fangled notions will avail at all.

However exalted we may feel by the dazzling promises of science; we shall be unwise if we forget that soils and climates are unalterable

by act of man, and that continuity of production is as important as levels of production. Our great-grandfathers never forgot that. Today, technical experts and farmers alike, we should, if we are wise, always approach our job, and the medium through which we work, with the humility we reserve for the unknown. Only thus can we be sure of not confusing appearance with reality, immediate gain with true success, opportunism with ability, speculation with investment. The true farmer knows the difference; so does the farmworker. It is one of his deepest instincts—maybe that is why he can be scathing at times about stock-broker farmers! But under modern pressures even farmer and farmworker sometimes show signs of confusing the two, and sacrificing the future to present advantage.

It is one of my nightmares that under dictation of acute national need, of the recurring *ad hoc* crises to which we are all subject, of centrally-contrived cropping programmes, production targets, the casual inhumanity of the machine figure—under dictation of these tyrants, the landsman may lose that stubborn sense and independence which make him so solid and valuable a citizen, and such good stock to breed from. It is the recurring cry of the economist, the planner, the ideologist that we should all become more efficient—but the measure of efficiency is invariably quantitative. Quality you cannot measure. And it is quality that endures. It was the *quality* and *style* of nineteenth-century farming that we inherited from our great-grandfathers. Can we be sure we shall hand on as proud a tradition to those who follow us?

Alas, it is a human failing that farmer Jones should be two inches shorter in stature than farmer Smith. No amount of legislation, penalty, sanction or exhortation will make up the difference. In the last resort—as was said by Professor Allen the other day—'a touch of idealism lies at the root of all outbursts of practical energy'. It was a combination of the influence of John Wesley and James Watt that made Birmingham the Aladdin's Cave of industry. Similarly, it will be by providing, with safeguards, of course, for the free expression of the idealism of the farming industry that our agricultural masters and advisers will stimulate the gains in quality and style of farming that the country requires—from farmer Jones and farmer Smith alike.—*West of England Home Service*

Riddle Me

Old riddle-face, old rag-man,
Before the sun is down
If I stand and listen
Riddle me this if you can:
Where is a thin river
Runs both uphill and down;
Who is it looks like nothing
But he walks forever;
What is more deep than a mirror,
What is newer than Sunday,
And tell me what falls faster
Than a dropping stone,
A dropping stone,
And name me man or money
More blind than a penny —
If you can answer, speak quickly
Lest you be dead already.

Young naked-face, young man,
Now before sundown
I have leafed and chosen;
Deny me this if you can:
Blood is the thin river
Runs both uphill and down;
Time looks as though he were nothing
But he walks forever;
The grave is more deep than a mirror,
A breath is newer than Sunday,
And the days of a man fall faster
Than a dropping stone,
A dropping stone;
And blinder than two pennies
Are a dead man's eyes —
If you can move, run quickly
Lest you be dead already.

W. S. MERWIN

On Snowdon this Easter

•By JACK LONGLAND

I WANT you to picture a scene at midnight, or rather very early in the small hours of Easter Day. It is a great damp, bare hall, concrete floors and walls, and boarded-up windows through which a bitter wind finds its way, and some snow too, which has frozen on the floor—and the whole fitfully lighted like a large cave as the fire spurts up now and then. Huddled round the fire, in slowly drying windproofs, bulky over layers of sweaters beneath, is an uneasily shifting group of half-seen figures—changing places when those further from the fire were stiff from cold, and, as the night wore on, experimenting and turning on the damp floor or improvised benches in the attempt to snatch a little sleep. I got half-an-hour's sleep myself lying full length, face down, on a plank eight inches wide. A slow night, with voices asking the time every twenty minutes or so. And in the middle of the space in front of the fire, an injured man, lying on improvised bedding made up of other people's clothes and rucksacks, warmly wrapped in layers of clothing, and, from time to time, given mugs of very odd-looking tea brewed on the fire with melted snow. And, lest I forget to say it later, a very courageous and patient injured man, who bore a good deal of pain silently through the night. The place we were in was the big buffet-hall of the deserted hotel on the top of Snowdon, 3,500 feet above sea-level, a place bustling with people and cups of tea and buns at



View from the roof of the hotel on the summit of Snowdon, and (left) the steep north face of Snowdon with Glaslyn Lake below



From 'Over Welsh Hills', by Frank Smythe (A. and C. Black)

summer weekends, but now deadly cold, and many of the hotel rooms choked solid with snow. How did we all come to be there, and what trick of fate had condemned us to this long, cold night?

Let me tell my own story. I had driven across England from King's Lynn on the clear moonlit night of Good Friday, to reach the Climbers' Club cottage above Capel Curig with the dawn, and snatch an hour or two's sleep before setting out again with my old climbing companion, Alan, to go up Snowdon. All the same it was a late start, and it was shortly before two that we reached the snow-filled basin above Glaslyn Lake and just below the steep north face of Snowdon. I had never seen so much snow on Welsh hills before, deep snow in the basin, the steep rock face above festooned with snow, a snow or ice dome covering the top two or three hundred feet of Snowdon, and a great line of snow-cornice guarding the ridge to which the steep zigzags of the Pig Track path lead so easily in summer. There were a good many walkers and climbers about. I looked, with the now usual Bank Holiday feeling of alarm, at walkers in shorts with walking sticks instead of ice-axes—or no stick at all—boots not properly nailed, or just shoes; girls in skirts with no trousers to protect blue-looking legs. Many of them looked at sea in these alpine surroundings, and I wondered whether the long human caterpillar which was making its way up the steeper snow overlying the invisible zigzag path would get to the top safely before dark—and if so, which way they would get down again.

Meanwhile, we chose our own climb up Snowdon, a long snow gully, the Great Gully, slanting diagonally up to the left to reach the steep ridge between the summit and the Bwlch y Saethau—that Pass of the Arrows where, in Welsh legend, King Arthur fought his last fight, and was carried wounded to sleep out his long sleep in a cave on the cliff of Lliwedd. We soon found, as we had expected, that conditions were like those on a big Alpine peak, many times the height of Snowdon. We were two parties of two, Richard Meyer leading the first rope to begin with, while Alan and I re-lived Swiss memories standing in steps on the steep snow, axes well rammed home as security, and dodging as best we could the snow lumps and icy cricket balls which came bouncing down at us from Richard's step-cutting axe. Later we took over the lead—Richard had worked hard and cut many steps—as the gully flattened out against a steep face of mingled rock and snow, with patches of hard ice thrown in for good measure. Safety had to be bought by going slow, and it was nearing six o'clock

when Alan relieved me—I had got cramp in legs and shoulders after all that hacking and kicking—and cut steps up the final concave wall of snow that brought us out thankfully on the easier slopes just below the top of Snowdon. So quickly up, now following tracks, and—more ominously—bloodstains, past the big summit cairn without a pause, and so down to the mountain railway track, from which we should have a choice of downward routes.

Scouts to the Rescue

But we were not to get off our mountain so soon—or so easily. Up the railway track towards us came a closely-bunched group of young climbers, carrying among them a long swaddled package—on an improvised stretcher which, being Scouts and wonderfully good at knotting, they had made out of climbing rope. The party of Scouts, all members of the special mountaineering group of the Boy Scouts Association, had come on a badly injured man who had fallen from the snowed-up Watkin Path and whom his two companions were trying to help down the railway track towards Llanberis. The Scouts had at once joined in the rescue, but the whole party had been brought up short by a series of ice slopes, completely burying the track, and impossibly dangerous to carry an injured man across in growing darkness. The Scout party made absolutely the right decision, to get back to the cover of the empty hotel on the summit before it was too late, and it was this returning party that we had met on our own descent. We consulted together—very briefly in the bitter wind—as to how we could best help, and were asked to try to take down with us two of the youngest Scouts, who came from the Capel Curig side of the mountain to which we wanted to get back. So we roped them up, one in the middle of each rope, and tried to work our way down over the big cornice and on to the snow slopes covering the zigzag Pig Track and leading down to Glaslyn from which we had started our climb. We soon found all snow tracks were covered up—if any had existed—and we came on steep slopes of very hard snow, which would have meant hours of downhill cutting, and in the dark and the growing snowstorm, not to be attempted safely with two youngsters in the party.

We made a second attempt to descend on another line, but the deep powder snow was too chancey, and might avalanche, so, very laboriously, back over the cornice again and on to the ridge, to meet the full force of the storm. We cast round to find the railway track again, and in the dark, with eyelids iced up and the blowing snow-scud blotting out our torchlight in a couple of yards, I went badly astray and walked clean over the cornice itself, a sudden breath-taking drop through the air of twenty feet or so, till I fetched up with a bump on the steep snow slope below. The young Scout on the rope behind me held me magnificently, with Alan in turn quickly securing him. There was the usual chilly comedy of trying to establish touch again—and it took a long time to work the rope along to a point where the cornice was not so steep and I could pull out on to the ridge again, very much ashamed of myself, but not in the least the worse for my parachuteless flight through the air! Then we recovered our commonsense and did what we ought to have done half-an-hour before—got out map and compass and slowly steered a line to the top of Snowdon, keeping close to the linking edge of the cornice but also keeping a torch focused on it, so that no one should repeat my fall.

That brought us back, very thankfully, to the summit hotel and shelter, just before nine o'clock—thankfully, because that deserted hotel was a genuine life-saver for twenty or more people on that night of cold and storm, and if I have ever said hard things about those who planted a hotel on Snowdon, I quite certainly never shall again! We found the rest had lighted a fire, and made the injured man comfortable as I have described, and organised a pooling of food which gave us two welcome if rather small and curiously assorted meals, one at half-past eleven, and the second at six in the chill morning light. Round about six, too, we held a council of war with the senior Scouts, and decided that, with the storm continuing and food almost gone, the best thing was for us four climbers to try to help as many as possible of the Scout party down to Llanberis, leaving two of the most experienced Scouts and his two friends in charge of the injured man until the properly equipped rescue party and its stretcher could arrive. So we started down soon after 7 a.m., in four ropes, with one of our party in charge of each rope, a long string of nineteen people altogether. In about half-a-mile we came to the obstacle which had turned back the Scouts the night before—and which was to acquire terrible notoriety that week-end—a smooth

convex slope of ice, not steep at first, but dropping away sharply into the mist above what we knew were the steep cliffs of Cwm dur Arddu. There were traces here and there of old snowed-up steps, but otherwise the slope was smooth and naked of protection, and doubly dangerous to any ill-equipped party, since the first steps I cut proved it to be not snow, but hard alpine névé ice, in which the ice-axe belay was no protection. The only safe method, with our large party, was to hack a stairway of great bucket-like steps right across to the easier ground beyond. So Richard came to the rescue, cutting good steps, unroped ahead of us, while I followed, deepening and enlarging each step with the greatest care, so that no youngster, however inexperienced, could lose confidence or balance, and so endanger himself and the rest of his rope. Each rope moved across these enlarged steps one at a time, each man carefully safeguarded on the rope by the climber behind. So very slowly, but quite safely, we passed across two long stretches of ice to where the railway track was again visible and could be followed quite easily.

Our party of young Scouts had come across the ice slopes magnificently, with the steadiness of veterans, but I was very glad to be past them and to know there was no real obstacle now between us and the valley below. We kept the rope on till we were below the snow-zone—it is so easy and may be so risky to take it off too early—and then moved fast down the Llanberis track to the Halfway House. There we learnt grim news. A man and a girl had fallen the previous afternoon from the ice slopes we had so lately crossed—the man was killed and the girl badly injured. Later, a solitary walker had fallen at the same spot, and, badly injured, had died before the rescue party arrived, in spite of the care of walkers and climbers who had tended him. And there were stories of others who had had narrow escapes, or had got off with slight injuries.

Down below at Llanberis, we found the rescue team ready to start out again, news of our injured man in the summit hotel having reached them through four plucky Scouts who had fought their way down the previous evening. Chris Briggs, the landlord of Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, and organiser of mountain rescue for the district, was there to meet us, having already been out three times in twenty-four hours with the rescue parties. The police, too, had been working overtime, and were harassed with reports of accidents coming in rapidly from all over the district. And, though volunteer rescuers were found, as always, from among parties climbing in the district, the brunt of the work had fallen on the splendidly led, trained and equipped R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Unit, which has saved so many lives in the district.

Well, what does it all add up to? What general conclusions is it fair to draw? In the first place, our British hills, in North Wales, the Lake District, in Scotland, are real mountains. An inexperienced walker may romp up them in perfect weather on paths made by better men. But good weather is not normal in our mountains, and a fine day may turn sour on you, the path be lost, and without hill-knowledge—which means a sense of the shape and moods of mountains as well as practice with map and compass—you may be lost for hours, or be caught out all night, or at worst stray over a cliff or fall on steep ground. The second point is that Snowdon earns its name, and March is mid-winter in most mountain seasons, and this year Snowdon was in almost all points as difficult as an ordinary Swiss mountain, and for the same reasons. Third, all this underlines the real necessity of having the right equipment for the time of year and state of the mountain: plenty of warm clothing, as well as an ice-axe for each member of the party, good party discipline—no straying or hurrying on ahead—as well as a rope and plenty of spare food. And even with all this equipment, you can come to grief without training and experience.

Qualities of the Good Mountaineer

And remember, it isn't brave or tough to wander ignorantly on high mountains in bad weather. It is stupid and selfish: stupid for your own sake—and selfish because of your relations, and the search parties and rescue teams whose week-end you may spoil, and whom you may involve in hours of exhausting and dangerous work. To love and enjoy mountains you have to learn to be humble—humble enough to go back to a hard school and learn from the beginning.

I know this sounds like the usual warnings from the middle-aged, and that it is all very well for a chap who has had the luck to learn the craft in a good climbing club to preach—and that any self-respecting youngster ignores a string of 'Don'ts'. Yes, I know. But look at it the other way—it is not very consoling to human dignity to be lost

through sheer incompetence and ignorance, or to get yourself badly frightened, or to be injured, still less to end up as a blanket-wrapped package on the way to a mortuary and a coroner's inquest. Of course, the mountains challenge us—but they challenge us to learn a craft with patience and humility and with consideration for all those others whom we meet among our mountains. The walker or climber with experience, with the knowledge of his craft behind him, can stretch his powers to the full in a mountain day—not by silly notions of

conquering a mountain whatever the conditions or your own state of fitness—but by accurately gauging all you know against the task you have set yourself to do on a particular day—on *this* mountain, by *this* route, and in *this* kind of weather. And though you may hoodwink a tired referee at football when you are really offside, you can't cheat 20 degrees of frost at night up on a windy mountain in a pair of shorts and with two few sweaters on—and on steep snow and ice and rock you can't cheat the law of gravitation either.—*Home Service*

Broken Promise

ANGUS WILSON on the English novel, 1912-22

IN the year of the outbreak of the first world war, Henry James contributed an article on 'The New Novel' to *The Times Literary Supplement*. It is an article written in more than usually late Jamesian prose, in that curious combination of circumlocution, clausal dependence and idiosyncratic emphasis which, in the last great novels, so wonderfully and relentlessly pursued the analysis of guilt and innocence to their final hiding place within the tangled labyrinth of human decency and shoddiness. But in this essay, 'The New Novel', it serves not so much to disclose as to conceal, to slur over and to avoid declaration.

After reading James' essay, one can only conclude that he was very doubtful if there *was* a new novel worth describing. Nevertheless if he thought little of what the younger novelists of 1914 had achieved, if, perhaps, he was somewhat bewildered how to suggest exactly where they were likely to advance from such slender achievement; for all his periphrases and his elaborations, he was clearly impressed by their vitality, their seriousness, their certainty that they had conveyed the essential of life as they knew it.

It is a little difficult for us to read these pre-first-war early novels, without seeing them merely as the first trickle of that mighty river of best-sellers which was to flood the country in the next three decades—a river bringing respectable oblivion to thousands of circulating library subscribers, a river drowning forever the spark of greatness, and at times submerging even the talent of the novelists themselves. Nevertheless in Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival* and *Sinister Street*, in Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude* and *Maradick at Forty*, in Gilbert Cannan's *Round the Corner*, or—to go outside those selected by James—J. D. Beresford's *Jacob Stahl* and *The House in Demetrius Road*, there is freshness, conviction, and, above all, a serious determination to present a totality of experience, that justify Henry James' essay beyond the benevolent gesture to youth, which, I suspect, was all that he intended.

Although these new novelists of 1910 to 1914 are striving, as yet inadequately, to reach an expression of their own, they are, of course, deeply imbedded in the traditions of the older generation—Bennett, Galsworthy and Wells. The influence of the established trio is, for example, clearly to be seen in *The White Peacock* and in *Sons and Lovers*, which Henry James selects as the basis for a grudging inclusion of Lawrence among his 'young hopefuls', how grudging, it is amusing to note! But in Lawrence's early work the newness and freshness are also very apparent. If this newness and freshness were eventually to lead him to the heights of Sinai; even if he was there to produce a new Leviticus rather than a new work of art, it is notably only he, of whom James remarks 'we find Mr. Lawrence, we confess, to hang in the dusty rear', only he who avoids the morass into which his contemporaries plunged headlong. There are so many aspects, so many lessons to be learnt from the sad downhill climb before us, without attractive divergences, that though Lawrence's early work gave no different promise, only perhaps a slightly greater one, from that of Walpole, Mackenzie, Cannan and Beresford, I do not propose to discuss him here.

Let us now make our way down the great middle road before us, a road that so broadens and sprawls as it tries to take in the whole of life by a painless process, that we may find ourselves forgetting that we are in the realm of art at all; but far in the distance shine the lights of the vast domains of Messrs. Priestley, Morgan, Cronin and Linklater to guide us on our somewhat weary way. The most striking aspect of the novelists James wrote about in his article is their consciousness of their place in the great tradition of the English

novel as it came down from Fielding through Dickens to the twentieth century. Tolstoy's example, the first important Russian influence in this country, only confirmed this epic view of the novel's function. Other influences might produce a more satisfactory work of art here and there—we owe *Carnival* and *Nocturne* to the French Naturalists—but they were soon swept away in the great surge.

Romantic or realistic—and on the whole they thought that a judicious mixture best represented life—the younger novelists of 1914 regarded the task before them as ever expandable, a kind of elastic canvas which could be stretched in all and every direction to take in 'life' with all its colours and movement and to allow as well for any philosophical, social or political comments that might seem necessary to explain the process of living. If they wished to depart from, to excel the old tradition, it was only, as Henry James notes, in order to get closer to the texture of life, to be rid of false sentiment, rhetoric or contrived plots. We may, perhaps, wonder at the naivety of this view of the Victorian novelists which could see their greatness as so conscious a process, which could apparently miss the vast range of unconscious overtones that make up the epic quality in *Our Mutual Friend* or *The Mill on the Floss*.

Before we smile too readily, however, it is well to remember the periodic pleas made in some literary quarters even today for a return to this great tradition of the English novel. Disturbed at what they feel to be the growing cliquishness, the esoteric, the too slight quality of much modern writing, these critics look back to the happy days when the literary world knew not 'highbrow' or 'middlebrow'. A glance at what happened to the promise of *Fortitude*, *Sinister Street*, or *Round the Corner*, a diet of *Sylvia Scarlett*, *Sylvia and Michael*, *The Dark Forest*, *The Young Enchanted*, *The Stucco House*, or *Mummery*, would make them reflect again. Or would it? If, as I suspect, their fear is not so much of the chasm between high and middle brow, but of the new, the fresh, the experimental, they would probably return from their reading restored in spirit, more than ever determined that the great things of life are best conveyed broadly and simply in the old traditional manner. One imagines them saying: 'You have only to look at Walpole and Cannan, Beresford, Compton Mackenzie and Francis Brett Young, to see that one can be contemporary and universal'. Alas! It is too late, I fear, for them to be so honest. Already by 1920 the die had been cast. The *London Mercury*, which, excellent periodical though it was could not be called *avant garde*, announced in its reviews that the promise had *not* been fulfilled, that the hopes of 1914 had run away into a shapeless, meaningless stream.

The first and most obviously baneful effect of the imposition of life upon literature is to be seen in an increasing lack of form either in the texture of the writing from sentence to sentence and paragraph to paragraph, or in the balance of the parts and the whole of the novel. Life just flows on. The element of selection becomes smaller and smaller. Even this flow of life is not made the conscious object of artistic treatment, as in Dorothy Richardson or Virginia Woolf, it is simply poured through the old traditional sieve, and if some of the mixture falls over the side of the basin, so much the more lifelike. There is so much to say and so little time to say it, that inevitably the writing must be left to take care of itself. After all, the divine spark worked overtime with the great novelists of the past, and the less it is interfered with by conscious processes the more likely it is to make its sudden, wonderful flashes again. In *Carnival* and even in the more ambitious *Sinister Street*, when the spark was so much more alive, it was kindled and fostered, but in

Guy and Pauline where it is growing dimmer, and in *Sylvia Scarlett* where it is almost spent, the little flicker is left to take care of itself. And so it is with the decline from Mr. Swinerton's *Nocturne* to his *Three Lovers*, or from Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill to *The Secret City*, though with Hugh Walpole the flame leapt up again and again, in *The Captives*, and *The Green Mirror* and *The Cathedral*, tragically to die away uned. The prose itself is stirred about like some vast uncooked, indigestible pudding into which are flung at random the occasional fruits of Mr. Mackenzie's innate artistry, of Mr. Walpole's sense of violence, and of Mr. Cannan's wit, to distinguish the mixtures.

'Dangerous Idea of the Trilogy'

It is customary to explain the enormous output of these authors, as of Bennett and of Wells—surpassing that of any major Victorian novelist except Trollope—to the large sales of novels of the great war and post-war periods, and, no doubt, with a rising taxation and cost of living, the attempt to secure the old Victorian livelihoods from writing did mean working overtime. But the explanation, I think, goes much deeper. The conscious attempt to capture life whole and vibrant is a will-o'-the-wisp, an evasive vision that naturally lures onwards the young writer with a seemingly bottomless store of energy to draw on. He may choose the discipline of moulding his material into shape or he may put off the decision and pursue the shadow. It was the dangerous idea of the trilogy, the chronicle novel, that allowed the writers of 1914 to defer their choice. *Fortitude*, *Sinister Street*, *Jacob Stahl*, all these were beginnings whose meaning and total shape were to emerge later. If it was the tragedy of these younger novelists that war came to wreck their schemes, it was also, I fear, their reprieve. Life had not been captured within one volume, it would almost certainly have evaded three. With no conscious shape imposed upon their raw material, a new idea was always bound to occur far better than the one in hand, and so the volumes multiplied and increased.

The characters, too, got out of control. With trilogies incomplete and novels that were only half a statement, they appear and reappear in successive books—Michael Fane, Sylvia Scarlett, Jenny Pearl, the Beaminsters, Maradick, Peter Westcott, the Trenchards, the Lynekkers, Jacob Stahl—until the whole edifice of the contemporary novel is burrowed through and through like a vast rabbit warren. The more the characters overflowed and multiplied, the less substantial and lifelike they became. An interesting contrast to this failure is provided by a contemporary writer of less pretensions. One of the most satisfactory novels of character of the period is Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Joanna Godden*. There is no experiment here, no departure from the tradition, but Joanna is firmly contained within the novel, which is well and artfully built around her. In general, however, character was replaced by 'psychology', a commodity which became more and more attractive to the reading public as popular versions of Freud's ideas trickled through the columns of the press.

An article of J. D. Beresford's in the *London Mercury* of 1920, entitled 'Psycho Analysis and the Novel', in which he defends Freud's influence on contemporary fiction, affords an interesting example of the approach of the popular novelists to the new ideas of the period. Beresford's defence is serious, his belief that writers should be aware of contemporary thought is evident, he understands that Freud's view of unconscious motivation may widen the whole scope of fictitious character, but in his essay is also implicit the reassurance that however revolutionary these new conceptions may be, they will, in fact, be absorbed into the old framework without requiring any major adjustment on the part of the author or his readers.

As with style and construction, in fact, so with contents. It was essential to the popular novelists of the period that they should be up to date, aware of the new problems of the post-war world. In this serious approach they were at one with their large circle of readers. It was also essential that the novel should reassure both author and reader; and the most reassuring way to present contemporary life was to show that somehow, in some way, despite all the new influences—flapper daughters and bolshie sons, Oedipus complexes, the 'new morality', strikes and the blood that had been shed in the war—it was the same world, the comical, jogtrot, not so bad, awfully plucky old world that novelists had been portraying for the last hundred years. If there was bitterness or despair, revolt or suffering, then they were shown as the courageous, healthy reaction of the younger generation to the smugness of the past. It was also made perfectly clear that if the independence was natural, brave and healthy, it was only the age-old fling of a youth, which would settle down, having learnt to laugh a

little more at itself, having seen that the world cannot be turned upside-down in a day, having, in fact, had the famous corners rubbed off. As a picture of 'life' it was eminently acceptable to the great reading public.

The genuine, if somewhat inartistic, eagerness of the young writers of 1912 to present a total picture of life in those autobiographical trilogies which were never to be completed, had become a comfortable formula for the writer, now no longer so young, of 1920. Michael Fane of *Sinister Street* and Peter Westcott of *Fortitude* were joined by countless other young heroes—Lydekker of J. D. Beresford's, the Young Physician of Francis Brett Young's—whose ideals and schemes and hopes gave ample opportunity for the writer to understand youth, to appreciate the contemporary age. An interesting new note, however, makes its appearance. We are allowed to follow these young heroes up to the point in their careers when, with the youthful adventure over, they begin to see a fuller meaning in life, to smile a little in kindly toleration at their own past enthusiasms, to get 'the hang of what it's all about'. And as the hero looks back with amused patronage on the various -isms with which he has been infected in his youth, the reader can feel that he, too, has passed through the transience of modern ideas to an older wisdom. It is small wonder that so huge a public found such a formula comforting.

No group of writers, perhaps, were so eclectic in their choice of ideas, so receptive of fresh fruits; yet few serious writers so ceaselessly boiled and pulped them down into the same tasteless dish. One or two examples of this pulping process will, perhaps, best illustrate what happened. The Constance Garnett translations of Dostoevsky first appeared in 1912. Their effect was naturally profound. We can see it in Lawrence, who never ceased to inveigh against Dostoevsky's idea of love. We can see it in Mr. Middleton Murry who never ceased to see himself in the role of Alyosha. The effect on Hugh Walpole, whose personal psychology gave him a deep appreciation of the ambivalence of love and hate which Dostoevsky portrayed, was no less remarkable. In *Fortitude*, *The Dark Forest* and the *Green Mirror* this new understanding seems about to bear fruit, but the formula cannot wholly absorb it, and eventually it is used solely as a sensational trick, the *tour de force* of brilliant shockers like *The Man with Red Hair* and *The Killer and the Slain*.

Inherited Fantasy World

But perhaps the most interesting example is the use made of the fantasy world which these novelists inherited from the eighteen-nineties. It may be the world of Pan, the old gods and the supernatural, or it may be the fantastic human material of travelling circuses, strolling players, Soho foreigners, eccentric booksellers and antique dealers. But supernatural or human, fantasy is gradually sugared over with a coating of saccharine until it serves one purpose and one purpose only—to show that, outside the ordinary world in which the reader lived, there is a lovable, eccentric world of Bohemia at which we may smile and laugh, but which has a strange wisdom that with a shrug of its old philosophical shoulders or a raise of its clown's eyebrows will teach us not to despair when life seems grim. Gilbert Cannan's theatre folk, Hugh Walpole's Soho foreigners, Compton Mackenzie's demi-mondaines are in the end indistinguishable from the Bohemia which Mr. W. J. Locke so expertly exploited at a lower level.

By 1922, however, the die had been cast. The new highbrow literature, fresh in form and statement, which had threatened in the distance with *South Wind* and Firbank's early novels, had finally come into being. *Chrome Yellow* had appeared in 1921, *Jacob's Room* and the first translations of Proust in 1922. The old battered caravan of lovable, quarrelling middle-class families, of interesting Birmingham iron foundrymen or of Sussex farmers, of quaint old second-hand booksellers or troupes of actors with a special crazy wisdom, had only one road to take—the broad highway of the middlebrow novel.

—Third Programme

The second revised and enlarged edition of *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, which was first published in 1935, has now appeared in this country, price £8. It contains 6,000,000 words, 70,000 articles and 75,000 cross references. It claims to include every proper name in the Bible, with references to passages where they occur; every incorporated place in the United States with a population of 1,000 or more, and 'such typically American items' as clambake and Annie Oakley. The British items appear to be reasonably comprehensive, but not, of course, as detailed as the American ones.

Frederic Maitland: A Great Historian

By T. F. T. PLUCKNETT

THE nineteenth century, amid all its other splendours, was an age of great historians. To match the great names on the continent this country can cite Macaulay and Hallam at the beginning of the century, Stubbs and Freeman and Lecky in its middle years, and, towards its close, the subject of this talk—Frederic William Maitland. It is a remarkable circumstance that history was not his first choice as a career, nor even his second, but only his third choice. There is unusual interest therefore in following the intellectual adventure which led this brilliant and critical mind to find its fulfilment at last in the history of English law.

To begin at the beginning: his school days at Eton were not remarkable, although an early letter shows how warmly he welcomed the introduction of modern studies there, and that he was already making experiments with the little tricks of rhetoric which gave sparkle to his easy-flowing, spontaneous style. At Trinity College, Cambridge, his first year was much occupied with music, getting his running blue, and dazzling the Union (of which he became president) by his oratory and wit. But it was also a year of decision. He sampled the intellectual fare offered by the university and was captivated by the teaching of Henry Sidgwick. From that moment he devoted his attention to philosophy, ethics, and particularly political science.

He determined upon an academic career, and competed for a prize fellowship at Trinity. The examiners had the heart-breaking task of selecting one from the four exceptionally brilliant candidates. Their choice fell upon James Ward, who later became an eminent psychologist; consequently they had to reject Lytton (who later became Master of Selwyn), Cunningham (who became the famous economic historian), and Maitland. He was in very select company, no doubt, but it was a serious check for a young man of twenty-five who had felt the call of philosophy. Reluctantly he abandoned Cambridge and took up his second choice, the Bar.

It is not clear when, how or where he learned his law, but all the evidence shows that he quickly gained a mastery which won the admiration and respect of his seniors. He saw a good deal of practice, and to outward seeming was on the way to a successful career. It soon appeared, however, that all was not well. There is certainly some truth in the judgment of the head of his chambers that Maitland, with all his personal charm and professional ability, was not quite the sort of man to push himself to the front of a very competitive profession. In truth the trouble lay much deeper than that. For one thing, Maitland could not tear himself away from political philosophy and the desire for a scholar's life. For another, he lost his faith in real property law. That law contained an astonishing collection of lumber accumulated in the course of the centuries. Its premisses, its arguments and its conclusions were of the highest artificiality. Long ago in the reign of James I, Chief Justice Coke explained to his incredulous sovereign that law was an 'artificial reason' which had no connection with any natural faculty of the human mind. Maitland quickly mastered this fantastic erudition, but he had been bred up in the clear-sighted, practical school of rational thought which Sidgwick was teaching at Cambridge. He found no satisfaction in the practice of his profession; indeed, his mind was revolted by it.

In 1879 he wrote an article about it—his first published paper. He adopted every variety of mood. He appraised the reports of the royal

commission on property law; he feared that the enlarged electorate would not be interested in legal reform; and then he launched into a hilarious and indignant attack upon primogeniture, the heir-at-law, the postponement of women in inheritance, equitable conversion, and much else besides.

Attacks upon the costly absurdities of property law were not new; one of the greatest of all property lawyers, Joshua Williams, had said as much. But Maitland said it with a difference—with riotous fun and brilliant invective, and, above all, with historical sense. That was new. Maitland realised that these mischievous and costly complications had arisen by accident and not design, that they were survivals, the corpses of prehistoric monsters which no one had troubled to bury. Indeed, it had generally escaped notice that they were dead, and so lawyers went on in the belief that they were still alive, and only to be approached with infinite precautions.

Such legal history as existed in England when Maitland wrote this article had generally been used to defend these anachronisms by vaunting their antiquity and gloating romantically over their picturesque ruins. Maitland would have none of that. Already there moved within him the spirit of the true historian, the urge to study living things, while they are still alive: 'If we want barbarism at its best', he wrote, 'we can turn to the Salic law'. The survival of barbaric law into the nineteenth century, on the other hand, only arouses in the genuine historian feelings of deep revulsion.

So Maitland turned more and more from the artificialities of real property law, and instead examined 'barbarism at its best', when it was young and vigorous, the lively product of life in a real world. And so it was that his second disappointment came. The first had been when the

doors to an academic career in philosophy closed upon him; the second was this discovery that he could not be happy in the practice of a system of law which had forfeited his intellectual respect.

He began to take time from his practice in Lincoln's Inn to cross Chancery Lane to the Public Record Office, as the vocation to legal history strengthened its hold upon him. More articles followed, not polemics this time, but solid and technical studies of early criminal law, which already showed some of the great characteristics of his maturest work, especially in breadth of view. English law has always been tempted by insularity, and English legal history can easily become the parochial annals of a peculiar system. At the outset Maitland made it his especial care not to isolate our legal history, but to place it beside the history of related systems on the continent. Much later in his career he put the point briefly in three words: 'History involves comparison'.

In 1884 he was able to abandon legal practice altogether, went back to Cambridge, and in 1888 became Downing Professor of Laws of England. During the twenty-two years which remained of his lamentably short life he produced volume after volume, each one of them a fundamental contribution to some major problem of our history, solidly based upon exhaustive research, illuminated by original thought and daring speculation, and presented in that gay and easy style which makes them irresistible reading. It is an unhappy chance that the works of his most frequently read by undergraduates are all posthumous publications which he never intended to be printed. Neither the *Equity*, nor the *Forms of Actions*, nor the *Constitutional History* are in the



Frederic William Maitland (1850-1906)

form which he would have given them, for all three have been reconstituted from his own lecture notes and those of his hearers. It is even more deplorable that most of the essays which he addressed to the general reader have been inaccessible for a whole generation, since his *Collected Papers* have never been reprinted.

He imposed upon himself a strenuous preparation before venturing upon his monumental *History of English Law*. Behind those effortless fluent pages lay the long, dogged search for sources, followed by patient and critical analysis. Like his senior Stubbs, Maitland was a master of editorial technique and used it with rich results. His penetrating study of the text of Bracton, for example, revealed the clash of English and Roman law in the mind of our greatest medieval lawyer. Another example is his work upon the Year Books. A minute textual study of these fascinating but baffling works enabled him to catch the spirit of the legal profession in the early fourteenth century, and after eighty pages of extreme technicality he draws the broad conclusion in words which I cannot refrain from quoting:

No, the clergy were not the only learned men in England, the only cultivated men, the only men of ideas. Vigorous intellectual effort was to be found outside the monasteries and the universities. These lawyers are worldly men, not men of the sterile caste; they marry and found families, some of which become as noble as any in the land; but they are in their way learned, cultivated men, linguists, logicians, tenacious disputants, true lovers of the nice case and the moot-point. They are gregarious, clubable men, grouping themselves in hospices which become schools of law, multiplying manuscripts, arguing, learning and teaching, the great mediators between life and logic, a reasoning, reasonable element in the English nation.

Besides Bracton and the Year Books, there was the Public Record Office with its immense store of judicial records. Maitland transcribed and edited volume after volume of records, and in 1887 founded the Selden Society to continue the work. Thenceforward successive generations of scholars have devoted themselves to the task of editing the original sources for our legal history. That work still goes on, and the Selden Society has just issued its sixty-fifth quarto volume.

Upon these solid foundations Maitland based his greatest work, the *History of English Law before the time of Edward I*. It appeared in 1895 and is one of the chief glories of English historical literature. For the most part it is a study of the critical century between Henry II and Henry III when momentous choices were made, choices which determined the form and the spirit of the common law, not only for us, but also for nations beyond the seas. In it the massive learning and multitudinous detail fall into place, and reveal the broad sweep of historical development, and our own English history is illuminated by parallels and contrasts with continental systems. Such a book might well have become heavy and even solemn, if only because of its large scale; yet it is nothing of the sort. The story is indeed majestic—the search for right and wrong is no trivial quest, but the narrator tells it with such lively and eager interest that the dominant mood is one of

sympathetic interest and intellectual curiosity. Nor is the book reserved for lawyers. Any reader who feels drawn to the subject can read Maitland with delight.

The two massive volumes of the *History* are a well-proportioned study of the whole field. Some chapters which threatened to disturb the balance of the work were laid aside and published later as separate works. Such was *Domesday Book and Beyond* which explored the structure of Anglo-Saxon society, and *Township and Borough*, where Maitland had much quiet fun lecturing at Oxford on the origin of towns, using the borough of Cambridge as his principal example. Then there is his *Canon Law in the Church of England*—a silent reproof to all who subordinate history to politics. Nor had he forgotten his early interest in philosophy, for he wrote much upon the history of corporate personality.

There are many standards by which a historian can be judged. The simplest is to enumerate the contributions to knowledge which he made. Measured by that standard alone, we owe an immense debt to Maitland. But the stock-piling of historical facts is mere journeyman's work, and misses all that makes history worth while. We have not settled our account with Maitland until we have reckoned with his mind and genius.

His most specific gift was to the lawyers, for whom he wrought a beneficent revolution. First, he liberated legal history from the requirements of practical law, and made it a science in its own right, free to draw any conclusions, however shocking they might be to legal orthodoxy. Next, he freed law from its history and helped to lift the heavy load of antiquity from our legal system. Legal history can no longer be used as a shield for the protection of mischievous rules, merely because they are old; on the contrary, a right understanding of the history of a rule may produce sound arguments against its survival after its usefulness has gone. He had a vivid sense of law as a living thing, developed freely in its contemporary surroundings. When it does that, it is a worthy object of study: to 'barbarism at its best' he gave the respect due to every living thing, but barbarism in nineteenth-century conveyancing was an affront to his historical sense. To historians at large his gift was equally great. To them he opened the locked doors of the law, revealed the secrets of its history, explained its concepts and its cryptic language, and showed that the history of a society cannot be understood without a study of its law. For the future, the history of England must include the history of English law.

Finally, he proved that even the history of ideas can be, and ought to be, thoroughly concrete. At the bottom of it all are the very human men whose life and labour produced the law. His quick and curious mind at once made friends with the medieval lawyer and greeted him as a fellow-practitioner. Erudition alone, however vast, could not have done that. It needed imagination and sympathy to re-think the thoughts of a past age, and to convey them to the modern reader: it is a superlative gift, and Maitland used it to our lasting profit and delight.

—Third Programme

Respecting Self

By CHRISTOPHER SALMON

WHETHER United States Marines are more articulate than other soldiers I do not know, but twice lately letters from men serving in the Marine Corps have been in the news. One was from a twenty-four-year-old corporal to his father—a man called Terence Mulek. The boy was critical of what he called 'the needless waste of life in Korea', the outrageous expenditure of money and the posting of United States troops throughout the world. The father sent the letter on to Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, and Dean Acheson took the trouble to write a long letter, which Mulek might send on to his son, explaining some of the principles which underlie the President's foreign policy. The text of the letter was published and made a useful contribution to the Great Debate.

But last September a letter reached Tennessee which was still being talked about three months later. This letter was signed by nineteen Marine reservists. It was posted on shipboard off Korea, on the evening before the landing at Inchon, in which these boys were to take part.

The contents of the letter were not at first sight remarkable; it was obvious that the boys had been disillusioned by their short experience in the army. They resented the fact that the army had neither made any use of the professional skills they had brought with them from civil life, nor given them any special training of its own. The army had inoculated them, these boys said, and handed them clothes, then it had shipped them off to Korea. Now, they said, they were being sent into the fighting without adequate combat rehearsals, or proper instruction in the arms they were to use. Then they added the sentence which they must have known was likely to explode at home. That they were inadequately trained meant, they said, that their chances of surviving personally were smaller than they should have been.

It happened that this letter arrived in Tennessee on the heels of the official announcement that two national reservists had been killed and four wounded in fighting round Inchon. Its effect was instant; parents from all over the States whose sons had been, or were about to be

called up, began to send telegrams to their representatives in Congress. Post 5 of the American Legion addressed a note to Defence Secretary George Marshall; committees of parents were formed to send minutes to Marine headquarters; letters poured into local newspaper offices; editors instructed their correspondents in Korea to interview any Tennessee Marine Corps Reservists they could reach.

Washington met this quite formidable commotion with the utmost frankness. They made no attempt to hush anything up; they instituted investigations and then published the findings. Marine headquarters announced that all but one of the nineteen signatories measured up to Marine Corps criteria for combat assignment. Then they issued a statement of their official policy for the training and use of reservists. A Nashville friend of the mother of one of the wounded boys presented herself without notice at Marine Corps headquarters in Washington and by the end of the day was received by General Gates himself. She liked what he told her and she was charmed by him personally and she wrote an account of her interview to the newspaper when she got back to Nashville.

Characteristically American

The whole incident seems to me to have a characteristically American flavour: the absence of censorship from the original letter; the outspoken criticism; the public discussion of potentially dangerous material. Direct personal response in Washington still remains in America, even in matters of administrative complexity, a pivot on which issues can be made to turn. The fact that it was the mothers rather than the fathers of the boys who voiced most of the protest, and that it was a woman again who made her way into the presence of a General, in all this I thought I detected American causes and character at work.

But the longer I reflected on them, the more interesting I found the implications of the letter itself. There was nothing exceptional or particularly American about what had happened to these boys. That seems to me quite obvious. Any regular army having suddenly to take on a hundred times its normal number of recruits is going to handle them on the basis of rather perfunctory distinction. It is going to make clerks of cooks and cooks of clerks to some extent all along the line. That this is inevitable will not make the experience personally less galling. It has in it all the seeds of disenchantment. Hand this treatment to enough people and you may put a whole generation finally out of love with war. To find yourself, after volunteering as a high-minded patriot, posted where you can only do badly what you must, while all round you other people are doing badly what you could yourself do well—there is nothing like this for making the enterprise of war seem irretrievably irrational and futile. And this has been the portion of thousands of Europeans twice since 1914. But what is past mending must be endured: why write home about it? Why did these American boys feel they must write home with so much bitterness? The answer is, I am sure, that the nineteen signatories were not prepared to think that what had happened to them was inevitable. They were convinced, on the contrary, that it was perfectly avoidable and were accordingly determined to do what they could to prevent its happening again to anybody else.

It seemed to me, when I first read this letter, that there was something astonishingly brisk and businesslike, an extraordinary absence of awe or introspection, and of any sense of effect transcending their own powers, about this collective effort—intended, as I am sure it was from the beginning, for public consumption—written on the very eve of these boys' first battle. Were they so young and confident that they thought their country could handle even war on its own terms? Then I remembered a remark of de Tocqueville's about the American's ability to carry into his army the spirit of civilian life, and I realised that the difference between these boys and Europeans affected far more problems of military discipline and preparations for war. It was part really of a fundamental difference of outlook towards all social and individual problems, whether in war or peace.

Every country carries into its army a great deal of its civilian character: one has only to think of what was the spirit of the Napoleonic army or the Prussian army or what is the spirit of the Swiss army today. All countries' armies and all countries' characters in war reflect the way they look upon life itself. The burning sense of outrage of these nineteen young Americans, and the action it led them to take, was simply how they would have felt and what they would have done at home, if anyone in authority had trained them inadequately or made less use of them than they thought their capacities warranted.

Civil life in America is loud with the clamour of confident men, to

whom the process of nature itself seems wonderfully plastic. They feel in a way we do not, and I suspect we never have, that the given present, individual and social, is like the pavement artist, 'all their own work'. To us, our social order seems too old to respond quickly to the deserts of the person. That it should remain, on the whole, indifferent to individual merit, is rather what for us makes its atmosphere breathable. Our class, the job we do, the money we earn—we do not look upon these as reliable evidences of any man's quality, for we think the past does not only determine where we shall start, but that it will settle, for most of us, the level on which we shall live out our lives. We like this dispensation because it offers a partial refuge to our selfish scheming. When we need to be thought well of by others, we turn back to the bosom of our families.

But to the American, all this looks too much like resignation. He, from the beginning, has been determined that the present shall be independent of the past. Society is to be no other sum than the sum which is reached by each person's counting only for what is due to himself. If the road through society can be kept open, then democracy will be right to conclude that by middle age a man's status and wealth is neither more nor less than what he deserves. It is this conviction which justifies the speed and currency of the American social judgment and the stoutness of its conventions, and the reality of its atmosphere which, while it exhilarates the successful, may weigh on the heart of anyone who must once admit that the prizes are now beyond his reach. It is this conviction which explains the precocious sensibility of the person—a sense of justice still virgin in the American adult which among us belongs only to the child, and the ability of most Americans to identify, to a degree we never dared, personal advantage with public interest.

But this same conviction produces in the situation of the person an interesting paradox. Where his continent and climate have made the American unusually self-reliant in all physical situations, he can seldom rely on his own opinion of himself. Before he can believe in himself, society must believe in him: socially, he has so little shelter; the only admitted backwaters lie at the head of the stream. Of all this the American yard, a garden without walls, is I think an unmistakable symbol. Americans like to think of themselves as individualistic, but their individualism needs very little privacy. It is a story of action and movement, but the effort, instead of separating one man from another, binds them together. Individuality in America is a matter less of difference than degree. It is not a question of being but of having more or less the accepted social goods.

Trust in Training

The longer I thought about the boys' letter the more interesting I found this contact of the American social system with army organisation. There seemed to me something very touching about these boys' assurance that they could carry what democracy and freedom meant for them—respect for the person, acknowledgment of the person, efficient use of the person—into the very act of war. And it seemed to me to raise in an interesting context the nature of the relation which we have been discussing so busily in England since the turn of the century between a competitive order of society and war itself. Competition is the organisation of society which offers to individual self-assertion its maximum effect. Does this, extended to relations between countries, lead in the end to war or peace? Is competitive effort human nature with the taint cleared and the vice bound out of it? Plato's spirited element subordinated to the rational planning of the guardian? I cannot myself believe this, nor have I the slightest reason for thinking that the writers of the letter would approve of anyone drawing philosophical issues out of what they wrote as a straightforward complaint on which they wanted action taken. Nonetheless, they would not, I am sure, if one had asked them, have been at a loss to state the grounds of their competence. They trusted, as they had always trusted, to training. It was training at home which had made them eligible for the contest, and in the end it was training now which must enable each man to affect the issue and bring victory in the end.

To the English temporary soldier training means either drilling on the parade ground or polishing equipment. However irrationally, he is inclined always to hope that these things will be cut as short as possible. That victory would turn in the end on anything so concrete as training, he would be inclined to doubt, but that it might increase his chances of surviving would not, I think, ever cross his mind. But to the American, whether he is a soldier or civilian, training always means technique. There are times when American confidence in technique

(continued on page 582)

NEWS DIARY

April 4-10

Wednesday, April 4

Postmaster-General announces increased charges for call-box telephones, telegrams, and other services

Mr. Gromyko submits to Paris meeting a further revision of the Soviet draft agenda for a Foreign Ministers' conference

Italian Democratic Socialist Party decides to withdraw from Government

Thursday, April 5

Republican leader in House of Representatives reads letter from General MacArthur

The Israeli air force bombs Syrian positions in the demilitarised zone near Lake Galilee; according to an Israeli statement, this was a reprisal after a border clash

Price control to be reimposed on certain consumer goods including kitchen utensils

Friday, April 6

Egyptian Prime Minister condemns Israel's action against Syria as aggression and appeals to Western Powers to intervene

Committee of Privileges of the House of Commons finds that there was no breach of privilege in a B.B.C. broadcast or in a letter sent to a clergyman

Saturday, April 7

Minister of State in a speech at Cardiff refers to the relations between the United Nations and China and mentions 'irresponsible statements' from 'highly-placed quarters'

Foreign Ministers' Deputies hold their twenty-fifth meeting in Paris

Foreign Ministers of the American Republics sign agreement to strengthen the western hemisphere against aggression

Sunday, April 8

Persia replies to British Note about proposal to 'nationalise' the oil industry

General Ridgway, Commander of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea, says that no end to the campaign is in sight unless there is a political settlement

Israel complains to the Security Council that Syria has violated the Armistice agreement between the two countries

Monday, April 9

Government defeated on Opposition 'prayer' against Ministerial order on cheese ration

President Truman discusses General MacArthur's position with Democratic Party leaders

Widespread floods in England

Tuesday, April 10

Chancellor of Exchequer introduces Budget
British 27th Infantry Brigade in Korea to be relieved



General MacArthur (right) photographed with General Ridgway during a recent visit to the front in Korea. General MacArthur's letter to Mr. Martin, Republican leader in the House of Representatives, last week, favouring the use of Chinese Nationalist troops to open a second front in Asia, has caused perturbation among members of the United Nations



Students of the new University College of North Staffordshire at Keele Hall, near Stoke-on-Trent, which is to be formally opened by H.M. the Queen on April 17

Right: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth presenting the new King's Colour to the Mediterranean Station in Malta, on April 5: 2,500 men of the station were on parade at the ceremony. The Princess leaves Malta this week at the end of her fourth visit



The King and Queen walking through the ruins of Coventry Cathedral during their visit to the city on April 5. In the course of their tour Their Majesties inspected the progress made on the first of the new buildings of the city's central redevelopment scheme

Right: the Grand National at Aintree on Saturday: a photograph taken at the first fence when eleven horses fell out of a field of thirty-six. 'Nickel Coin', the winner, with 'Royal Tan' second and 'Derrinstown' third, were the only horses to finish the course





Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers in Europe, flew to Copenhagen from The Hague on April 5 for a three-day visit to study the training methods of the Danish Army. He is seen here inspecting a guard of honour on his arrival in the Danish capital



'Rip', 'Sleek' and 'Wilfred', triplet cubs which were born in the London Zoological Gardens last January to 'Minnie' and 'Pickles', the Syrian bears. They are photographed here with their keeper when they were on view to the public for the first time last week



A workman painting one of the eighty-five-foot masts which are being erected on the Festival of Britain Bailey Bridge spanning the Thames. The bridge will be available for pedestrians crossing from the Embankment to visit the South Bank Exhibition, to which it will have direct access

(continued from page 579)

seems to be strangely without limitation, and these boys wrote as if they could hold off death and darkness as a man protects himself with an umbrella against rain. Here again, it is not only that the American has a genius for invention, or that he has won over his huge continent during the last hundred years technical round after round. It is that in the end he looks to technique as the solid means and guarantee of his democracy. Technique seems to justify him for believing that privi-

leged circumstances need not count. One after another he has set about analysing the human goods and the processes by which they can be made distributable for an effort and at a price within the reach of every man. There is something splendid about a resolve that even in the least ponderable spheres of human achievement there shall be no mystery, and there is something at once magnificent and heart-rending in this faith setting its feet between east and west on the wastes of Korea.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Where the Church of England Stands

Sir,—From the report (published in THE LISTENER of March 29) of Canon Cobham's talk on 'Where the Church of England Stands' there is one surprising omission: there is no mention of the name of Hensley Henson.

Canon Cobham says: 'The Bible has become the exclusive province of the trained theologian, and in consequence an almost closed book to the devout layman.' Hensley Henson constantly in his preaching sought to prevent any such development. He understood, as few ecclesiastics do, the layman's difficulties and he met them with unfaltering courage. As against Henson's sermon on 'The Imprecatory Psalms in Christian Worship' (in *Christ and the Nation*, 1908) set A. G. Hebert's apologia (in *The Throne of David*) which to the layman appears as incredible sophistry. 'A sacred duty', Henson wrote, 'lies on the parochial clergy to minister the new truth' (in *Ad Rem*, 1899), and in *The Liberty of Prophesying* (1909) he claimed full freedom for the performance of that duty. And, further, he stood forth as the acknowledged champion of the Church of England as a Protestant Church born of the Reformation. Consistently he proclaimed: 'We are the children of the Reformation and we cannot disown our origin in the interest of the petty polemics of the hour'. 'Nothing can get rid of the broad witness of history—the Reformation was the cause of God'.

No estimate of the vital forces in the Church of England of our day can afford to ignore the influence of Herbert Hensley Henson.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

NORMAN H. BAYNES

By What Values?

Sir,—I should like to support the suggestion of the Duchess of Atholl that sermons should be read in our Anglican services more frequently. There are very many good sermons, and Christian doctrine is amplified but not changed over the centuries: these great preachings and prayers seem to be in practice almost ignored by most of the clergy. Yet the prayers of Lancelot Andrews, Laud, Dr. Johnson and others are still a living part of the Church's experience. The Prayer Book is too often used in a dull and mechanical manner: the prayers in the daily offices have become so hackneyed that it is hard to apply any fresh thought to them at all. When worship declines to this level the Church suffers, because the people feel it is insincere and unsatisfying and desert public worship. It is precisely this formalism that is keeping out many people.

There is, I believe, no order for the sermon in the Prayer Book: the centre of worship is, of course, the Communion. Why then must the laity have a sermon every Sunday, whether the preacher has anything to say or not? To be

honest, very few parsons possess the ability to preach well twice a day every Sunday, and the number of sermons that bore must largely outweigh those that enlighten.—Yours, etc.,

Camden

ROBERT RUSSELL

Sir,—The Duchess of Atholl seems to imply that so long as our social services continue to expand, there can be little wrong with the spiritual welfare of our people.

But surely the recent history of Russia and Germany has shown conclusively that Christian ideals of conduct and behaviour cannot survive repudiation of the Christian creed, and if our Churches are 'emptier than formerly', it appears that increasing numbers of people reject this creed, even if they approve some of its by-products.—Yours, etc.,

Portpatrick

J. D. BOYLE

A Revaluation of 'Don Quixote'

Sir,—Mr. E. H. Walker states that he found my talk on *Don Quixote* 'involved', and that it 'piled up confusing solutions' to problems which for him do not seem to exist. This may be largely due to the difficulty I had in compressing a large and complex subject into a twenty-minute talk. I am confident that, with sufficient time at my disposal, and with the text before us, I could demonstrate to Mr. Walker that the problems do exist because Cervantes formulated them himself—each one several times—and that his solutions are far from being confusing.

As regards the second part of Mr. Walker's letter I would say that it was no part of my intention to suggest that Cervantes did not wish to write 'an amusing tale'—that he did so, and succeeded, is obvious enough. But this in no way precluded him from aiming, at the same time, at something deeper. Most great works of literature have various levels of significance, and Mr. Walker is perfectly entitled, in the case of *Don Quixote*, to remain on the lowest level if he so wishes. But that there are higher levels is evident, not from the 'form' Cervantes chose (by which I take Mr. Walker to mean a satire on the novels of chivalry), but from the pattern of incidents and characters that he drew, a pattern so elaborately composed of graded variations, of repetitions, parallels and contrasts, that the resulting unity of total design can be no accident. A reader may ignore this pattern if he so wishes, but it is the function of the critic to point to its existence and to endeavour to explain it.

That Cervantes intended what Mr. Walker calls the 'moral subtleties' I suggested can, therefore, be demonstrated. That he should have intended them is in no way surprising, given his age and his country. The Spanish literature of this period is one in which there was a deep awareness of 'moral subtleties', a profound preoccupation with, and an acute probing of, the

complex issues raised by the moral nature of man. Mr. Walker must surely know that the civilisation of the seventeenth century was highly complex. Nobody who has studied the culture of that century in general, or the Spanish literature of that period in particular, could possibly be content to look upon *Don Quixote* as merely an amusing tale.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

A. A. PARKER

Sir,—In his objection to Alexander Parker's approach to *Don Quixote*, Mr. Walker revives a curiously hard-dying attitude to modern literary criticism. It is true that every author must select a 'frame' from contemporary society for his creation, but if his work survives the inevitable topicality of his period it can only be because it stimulates the perennial themes and interests of man. The mind of man is not a simple thing and if Mr. Walker finds it 'confusing' and 'involved' others may find it rich and absorbing. Every creator writes more than he knows and a genius far more than he knows. It is characteristic of the few descriptions in existence of the moments of creative fire that the material seems to pour out almost unbidden, almost flooding the artist. The later shaping of this 'creative stuff' is, of course, often a highly conscious intellectual effort.

In brief Mr. Walker's difficulty seems to arise from an overwhelming over-estimation of conscious mental processes and a denial of the complex symbolism and motivation of the unconscious which Mr. Parker has so skilfully explored. Perhaps Mr. Walker is 'tilting at the psycho-analyst' rather than at Mr. Parker.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.9

M. J. HERON

Einstein and the Ether

Sir,—In '*Aether und Relativitätstheorie*' (Berlin, 1920) Professor Einstein said: 'The fundamental distinction between the ether of classical physics and that of the Theory of Relativity must always be kept clear'.

The 'luminiferous ether' of the older physicists arose from a confusion of the idea of space with the idea of complete emptiness. This confusion seems to me absurd. No one finds any difficulty in ascribing the physical property of length to the space between two separated bodies. Similarly there should be no difficulty in ascribing to the same space the physical properties of transmission of radiant energy and gravitational force between the two bodies.

For the more convenient presentation of his theory Professor Einstein used the word *Aether* to denote these physical properties of space but there is no suggestion that some mysterious ethereal substance carries the electromagnetic waves. It is evident that Mr. Cromwell has failed to understand Professor Einstein's use of the word *Aether*.

I may add that the physical existence of a luminiferous ether will never be established by rhetoric.—Yours, etc.,
Birmingham

C. H. BUCK

The Changing Theatre

Sir,—No one gossips about the theatre more pleasantly or with more intimate knowledge than Mr. Macqueen-Pope. His talk on April 2 and his contribution to a debate a few months ago were both informative and delightful. But I wonder whether he is right in contending that the drama has changed in character during recent years.

Offered as evidence of this are poetic plays and 'The Cocktail Party'. But half a century ago a lady named Clo Graves managed to get a verse tragedy produced (at Drury Lane, I think), as Rudolf Besier did later, while the success of 'The Cocktail Party' was due to exactly the same reasons that made Jerome's 'Passing of the Third Floor Back' so popular. Both were vaguely 'uplifting'. Each made appeal to the people who don't go to church, but hanker after some kind of indefinable religiosity.

There is nothing new, therefore, in either of these 'novelties'. Fashions come and go and return, but the drama doesn't change; it just goes rolling along.—Yours, etc.,

East Dean

HAMILTON FYFE

Gramophone Recordings

Sir,—I was interested in the letter from Dr. J. L. Burn concerning the pitch of gramophone records. The sense of absolute pitch raises an

interesting problem and this sense can surely be acquired only by frequent hearings at a certain pitch, which might not necessarily be the correct one. For instance, are we sure that the recording of a Haydn symphony is a correct pitch interpretation of the original? Is a Chopin work recorded at the pitch originally conceived by the composer?

I am led to make these remarks by a study of Bach's organ works. It is established, beyond dispute, that the organs in use by Bach were tuned either to Cornett-Ton or Chorton pitch and these were respectively a minor third and a whole tone higher than the pitch in use for other instruments. How are we to assume that those fortunate (or unfortunate) people with a sense of absolute pitch would react if we had a version of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, recorded in E minor?

In the case of Bach organ works we could say, in very truth, that in every single instance 'the composer's choice of key is flouted'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

GEORGE COOMBS

'The Good Soldier Schweik'

Sir,—In a recent Sunday morning 'Critics' programme, when the recent English edition of *The Good Soldier Schweik* was reviewed, it was stated that this Czech classic is now not obtainable in Prague.

I would like to point out that in my recent two years' sojourn in Czechoslovakia I found *Schweik* was well-loved and as much read as ever it has been. Chief reason why it is not

always obtainable in the bookshops is the incapacity of the publishers to keep up with the demand for the book. Nevertheless *Schweik* is to be published this year by the Czechoslovak Trade Union publishing-house in an edition of 150,000 copies, which will be the largest edition ever to have appeared.

In addition a complete edition of the works of Jaroslav Hasek, *Schweik's* creator, is also to be published soon. This will also include another edition of *The Good Soldier Schweik*.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.5

S. MURRAY-SMITH

B.B.C. and the Personal Pronoun

Sir,—Yielding, as I do, to no one in my admiration of the wonderful entertainment afforded by the B.B.C., may I respectfully suggest that in view of the enormous influence it exerts, greater care should be exercised to ensure that its announcements are grammatical?

This being conceded you will agree that the relative pronouns 'who', 'whom' and 'whose' should be used only in reference to persons, and not to inanimate objects such as clubs, committees, companies and so forth.

Yet, when announcing the results of football matches, the various clubs are referred to, almost invariably, as though they were persons, in such phrases, for example, as: 'Aston Villa, *who* won their "away" match, are now at the top of their division', instead of 'Aston Villa, *which* won its "away" match, is now at the top of its division'.—Yours, etc.,

Sutton

H. BRIDGEWATER

Can India's Millions be Fed?

(continued from page 567)

Much criticism of him is ill-founded; his light plough which only scratches the soil, for instance, is frequently abused by those who do not have to carry agricultural machinery on their own shoulders; but it conserves soil-moisture, and there is no doubt that in many areas deep-ploughing would lead to the most disastrous soil erosion. Very often the peasant knows very well what he should do, but simply cannot afford to do it; his rags of ground are so small that he cannot devote space to fodder crops, to ploughing in green manure, or to fallowing; these might give him a better crop next year, but what are he and his family to live on this year? Then there is the famous question of the cattle-dung: as one writer rashly remarks, if only we could stop the housewife using it for kitchen fuel we could wipe out a third of Indian rural poverty at one stroke. But then over vast areas of the more densely-peopled plains there is no other source of fuel, and so much of the ground is cultivated that there is no room to plant trees, even if the starving cattle would let them grow. And in any case just about as much cattle-dung is put on the fields as is burnt, and even if it were all used as manure the amount per acre would be grossly inadequate. In fact, perhaps the only real original sin of Indian farming is the preservation of vast numbers of useless cattle. This is a problem with immense ramifications, and here again we meet with the vicious circle of poverty: there is so little grazing that the beasts are too weak to work properly, so more are bred, and there is still less grazing.

Indian agriculture is indeed enwrapped in a whole network of interlocking vicious circles, like concertina wire; and they all come back to the same thing, the fact that there are, under existing social and technical conditions, far too

many people on the land. Since appreciable relief cannot be got in time by increasing the cultivated area, it follows that the existing area must be made more productive by the use of better plants and above all by feeding the soil which has been exhausted by centuries of cropping. What scope there is here for improvement can be seen by the fact that for most crops Indian yields per acre are pitifully low: rice less than half that of Japan, wheat less than half that of Britain, and so on throughout the range of crops. The amount of natural fertilisers available is certainly inadequate, and it seems that recourse must be had to artificials.

Here the position is grotesque; the great new plant at Sindri, in the Demodar Valley, has a capacity of 350,000 tons of ammonium sulphate a year, but the total available from all sources, on current plans, will not be much, if anything, more than 750,000 tons. This amount is for a cultivated area of over 300,000,000 acres. Japan used 4,000,000 tons for 16,000,000 acres. It is doubtless true that the average peasant cannot afford to buy fertilisers, but it would certainly seem that the Government cannot afford to let him go without them. The very least that is needed is estimated by good judges at 3,000,000 tons. This is a question of priorities; the provision of adequate fertiliser would be exceedingly costly, but it might lead to an increase of output of twenty to forty per cent. The development schemes, also costly, could hardly produce more than ten or fifteen per cent., and they would take much longer to bring in their full return.

And once more there is the rock of finance. Just as the individual peasant has too little land to spare any for desirable improvements, so the nation is faced with the same dilemma. The

development schemes need vast quantities of cement, steel, machinery and electrical equipment; cement and steel can be produced in adequate quantities in India, but much of the machinery for power development and for general industrial advance must come from dollar countries and it cannot all be financed from loans. The question arises: should the arable area be devoted to more food now, or should more cash crops be grown to pay for the equipment to grow much more food later on?

The problem is indeed urgent. It is not helped by the fact that India is in effect going through a bourgeois nationalist revolution, which means a natural emphasis on the aspirations of the urban classes; and there is hence a dangerous illusion that industry will be able to look after the undeniably surplus rural population. But in fact while industry has a great contribution to make, it cannot attain its full development while the countryside wallows in an agrarian crisis, as it has done for the last four decades at least. The agrarian problem lies at dead centre to all the workings of man in this great sub-continent.

Against this gloomy background we must ask if the Colombo Plan really measures up to the need. If the Plan is successfully completed by 1956-57, 'it will provide a basic standard of living' which will include cereal consumption of sixteen ounces a day in the rationed areas. To attain this there must be an eight per cent. increase of food-grain output over current levels; but the target is actually only four-fifths of the estimated needs for moderate labour in Indian conditions. This is hardly Utopia; in existing conditions it will be no small achievement to attain it; but for social decency, perhaps for social stability, it is not nearly enough.

—Third Programme

Art

The Rothenstein Indian Paintings

By FRANCIS WATSON

AT the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum there is now a chance to see, hanging together and well arranged, the collection of a man, himself an artist, who probably did more than is generally recognised to bridge the chasm between two cultures. The Rothenstein Collection, I am glad to be able to add, has just been acquired by the Museum with the assistance of Lady Rothenstein and the National Art Collections Fund.

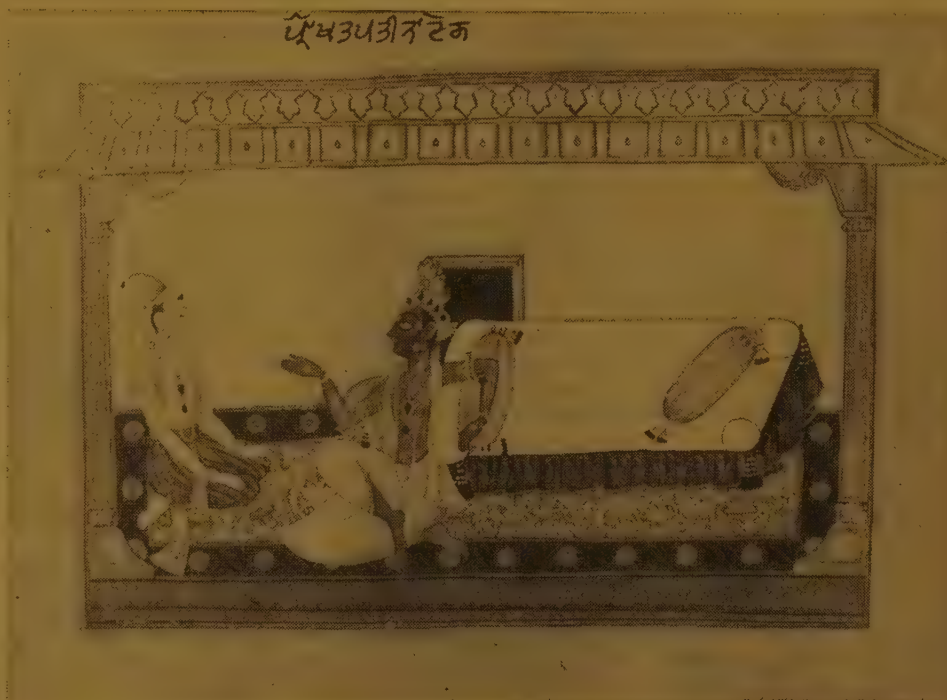
In January 1910 the late Sir William Rothenstein, who had already conceived an interest in such things, heard E. B. Havell read a paper to the Royal Society of Arts on 'Art Administration in India'. Havell had published in 1907 his challenging book on *Indian Painting and Sculpture*, with an appendix of notable British solecisms on the subject, including Ruskin's excommunicatory pronouncement (based, surely, on very meagre experience) of 1858. Twenty years later the new edition of Havell's volume had to be extensively re-written and re-illustrated, so much had in the interval been discovered or freshly assessed. Those twenty years cover the formation of an India Society in London, in reaction less to Havell's paper than to some appallingly insensitive remarks from the chairman (Sir George Birdwood) on the same occasion; they cover Rothenstein's happy visit to India in 1911, his development as collector and critic and interpreter and his fruitful friendship with Rabindranath Tagore; they cover the publication of Ananda Coomaraswamy's *Rajput Painting* and his appointment to the Chair of Fine Arts at Boston; and they cover the work of classifying the different schools of 'miniature' (as opposed to mural) painting in India which have since yielded so much to the eye's delight.

Credit for the first distinguishing of non-Moghul schools has rightly gone to Coomaraswamy but should at least be shared by Havell. And Rothenstein in his *Men and Memories* gives the impression that he himself reached without much assistance the decision that 'popular' painting was worth attention at a time when the collectors' market was confined to Moghul art. The 83 works now on exhibition, gradually assembled by postal contact with the dealers in Lahore and Delhi after Rothenstein's return from India, are the result of that decision; and their appreciation as a collection requires some such introduction as I have just tried to compress. The quality of the pictures is here and there, and understandably, uneven. The best have drawn me four times so far to the Museum.

Rothenstein collected works from different parts of India, including one or two Moghul examples. The majority, however, are of what we now call the Pahari (Hill) schools, 'popular' in the sense that they are the largely anonymous products of guild artists working with traditional themes; though in fact it was the patronage of the numerous small courts of Hindu chiefs and rajas in the foothills of the western Himalayas that fostered the art from the early eighteenth to the early nineteenth century. Kangra State in its lovely and secluded valley,

where Raja Sansar Chand (represented in the collection by two dubiously dissimilar portraits) ruled until 1823, produced the most celebrated of these hill-schools. There are also works assigned to Guler, or Mandi, or Kashmir, or without closer identification labelled Pahari, besides the less interesting productions of the Sikh school dating from the later ascendancy of Ranjit Singh and his successors. But the undirected eye will surely be caught and held by the Basohli paintings

in the second bay. These are the *fauves* of Pahari art, at the farthest point from the sophisticated Persian or Kandahari influences absorbed and Indianised through the Moghul courts. Warm and brilliant in colour, the best of the Basohli work has much more than the obviously decorative qualities, and its prized naivety is not facile but enormously expressive. The shock of encountering these vigorous physical gestures after so much conventional delicacy, these broad and bold backgrounds after the repeated hills and pavilion-perspectives, can be suggested by comparing the Basohli Krishna and his companion reproduced on this page with the eternal lovers of the late Kangra painting from the same collection shown on the cover of THE



Krishna with male companion waiting for Radha. Basohli; early eighteenth century

Rothenstein Collection

LISTENER for March 15. The colour-contrast must, of course, be experienced, though in fact the Kangra work has a rich and not very usual dark blue in the cloak which shelters Radha and Krishna, a blue which turns the god's traditional complexion almost pink. The same deep indigo can be seen in the 'Lovers dallying in the Winter season'.

On the wall opposite the Basohli pyrotechnics are a few paintings, called by the cataloguers 'Pahari c. 1770', which have the musical Kangra line and tones that are noticeably subdued. The finest of these, 'Raja examining the points of a horse by torchlight', is composed of two almost square pictures joined side by side, the Raja in question having evidently had the whim to add his monument to the masterly group of grooms and steed and torchbearers. The result is a charming document as well as an exquisite work of art. If the comparative pallor of this picture and its neighbours is accepted as characterising a special school, there are works such as the Kangra 'Lady awaiting her lover' in the first bay, where the pale sky and soft amethyst draperies are almost certainly the fortuitous gift of time. Permanence, after all, is not necessarily an economic nor even an aesthetic virtue, and has often been disregarded by Indian artists. There is much that one would like to know about the technique and materials of these Pahari colourists, the secrets of which might assist the sometimes very conjectural dating and ascription of the experts. There is an altogether unworthy metallic green in No. 11 that suggests it was painted (or repainted) even later than the 1870 placed against it.

We have still only the beginnings of the Museum of Indian Art that London ought to have, but the Rothenstein Collection at least rescues Indian artists from the extraordinary plight in which Ruskin left them, 'bound in the dungeon of their own corruption, encompassed only by doleful phantoms, or by spectral vacancy'.

Makin' a Dictionar

By IVOR BROWN

D ICTIONARIES are a great fascination to me. They lead so charmingly from one thing to another. You look up an exciting or amusing or significant word and then you find that the next one is even better. It may have nothing to do with your case. It may provide what is called useless information. (Personally, I love useless information.) The point for me is that it is great fun.

Verbal Richness

Let us take a concrete example. In a book review I came across the adjective *sloomy*. The writer explained it as meaning dull, spiritless. And surely that's a most expressive word. 'That's a *sloomy* book'. I looked it up both in my *Oxford English Dictionary* and in my abridged *Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary*—the latter is one of my bed-books. They agreed that the origin is *sloomy* corn, grain which is not properly filled. Beside it I found *sloom*, a light sleep. Another enchanting word. Don't *sloomy* books put you into a *sloom*? And that set me thinking of *dwaum*, which I had just heard in Roger MacDougall's lively Scottish comedy 'MacAdam and Eve'. I thought he used it to mean a *sloom*, a light sleep, a dozing off. And in that meaning it seems to me a perfect word. But *Jamieson* tells me that to *dwaum* is to fade, to decline in health, to dwine away. And surely, I thought, it must mean doze off dreamily as well. The obvious next step was to consult the *Scottish National Dictionary*. I had the latest section on my desk, Vol. III, Part III. But it was no help in this case—it only ran from *Day-Nettle* to *Drave*.

That's where we stand with this tremendous piece of work. We have got to *Drave*! The dictionary has never been systematically endowed. It has had welcome gifts from charitable trusts, from the Carnegie, the Burns Federation, from some towns, and so on. It has its friends and supporters and subscribers. But, if we are really going to get on with the job and get on at a proper speed, it wants a lot more champions and workers and guarantors.

Jamieson is good, but *Jamieson* is a century old. My own abridged copy carries the date 1846. Languages move on. We have got to keep up with them. I am not going to say that we *ought* to build this great Scottish dictionary as a cultural duty—people get frightened if you talk like that about duties. I am not going to emphasise duty: I am going to talk of delight. I say we are fools if we don't see the job through properly, because we are wasting our wealth, the glorious treasury of the Scottish language. To that great river of verbal richness so many streams have contributed, Gaelic, Scandinavian, French, as well as the native burn called Lallans, that whumm-lin torrent of fine noises and rich metaphors.

Looking for *dwaum*, as I said, I was stopped at *drave*, which means a drove of people or sheep or herrings. And behind it was *draunt*, to drawl, to whine, to talk drivel. That's a grand word. Don't we all know some peevish, grumbling fools, *draunting* sumpths? 'To *draunt* and *drivel* out a life at home' is a line of Robert Fergusson's. Once into a volume like this you can't let go. Backwards I turn to *dowf* and *dowie*, dull, spiritless, much the same as *sloomy*, applied to weather, things or people. A *dowfart*, a dull fellow, much better than *duffer*.

A great dictionary, such as the *Scottish National Dictionary*, is a great piece of co-operation. Its readers can scan the writings of the past and pick out the humorous oddities and the bright, glinting jewels of speech. But there is also the living and the regional aspect of the job. So there are volunteers who watch their local dialects, collect their happy phrases, and answer questions sent down from headquarters. In fact we can all of us write this great book of Scotland as well as read it. It has been on the stocks for nearly fifty years. So we ought to get on with it. It was suggested by that great word-man, Sir William Craigie: the first editor was Dr. William Grant of Aberdeen. Its present editor is David Murison, with Marjorie Stewart to assist him. It has a strong advisory committee, and its offices are the grand old King's College of Aberdeen. But we musn't just leave

it to them. This is a ploy for all the Scots there are. There are going to be 50,000 words listed before we are through. And not listed only, but exemplified in quotation. So, if you just glance down a page of what there is already, you are sitting not only with Burns and Scott and the great masters, but with the crofters' crack and all the clash-ma-clavers of the clachan.

Or technical terms. Take the auctioneer's *displenish*. I was re-reading the other night Charles Murray's *Hamewith* and noted in his song of 'The Drouthy Miller':

Nae doot, at the Widow's *displenish*
Gey aften I emptied the stoup;
But thrift is a thing we should cherish,
An' whisky's aye free at a roup.

Whisky aye free at a roup! What grand old days! Rouns would be very popular if that custom still held. *Displenish* means removing the stock and furnishings—selling-up. And then, in my *Day-Nettle* to *Drave* volume, I found it was used of the hard way of the reformers who purged the old churches of their images and ornaments:

Ilk half gang raikin' round the wa'
Ane north, the tither westlins, ga
Displenishin' the niches.

'*Displenish*' sets the eye roving. Here, close to it, '*disjune*', the French *déjeuner*, so nicely Scotticised for the forenoon or noon meal. And that, too, so nicely exemplified in an old proverb: 'A Kiss, and a drink of Water is a *werch disjune*'. I should like to see what is said of '*werch*', which I always thought meant bitter, but my *Jamieson* did not give it at all. So you see the need for a national dictionary reaching right up to the W's.

Then it might tell me about *wheech* and *wheechy*. I was given that last year at St. Andrews as a Fife word. A *wheech* is what the English call a twerp. A '*wheechy wee man*' is a wretched little fellow. But my *Jamieson* doesn't give me *wheech*, which I think is a superb little word of contempt. But I am sure that when Mr. Murison and his colleagues get to *wheech*, we shall have all sorts of nice examples of it.

'Thowless, Blouterin' Nyaffs'

Dictionaries have to go along letter by letter. But they might have sections, for characters, just as telephone directories have trade sections. And, if that were done, what a tremendous armoury of terms the Scots would have when describing their character! I was reminded of this by reading a lecture on Scottish character given by James Bridie to the Greenock Philosophical Society. Bridie told his audience:

The Scot, on the other hand, has always taken an almost morbid delight in oddities of mind or behaviour. In any railway carriage he can mark his fellow passengers as *gaucie*, *menseful*, *forfochen*, *couthie*, *perjink*, *cappernoytit*, *fusionless*, *dour* or *douce*. It is interesting to reflect what a large proportion of this vocabulary describes character in which mental defect is a prominent feature. The Scots conversation is full of *thowless*, *blouterin' nyaffs*; of *feckless*, *donnart*, *doited*, *haverin' gowks*; of *daft*, *glaikit*, *fouterin' tawpies*; of *snuitit gomerals*.

If that isn't richness, what is? English has nothing as ample and profuse for its parade of dolts. Urquhart, the translator of *Rabelais*, had a wonderful list of blockheads, but he was a man of Cromarty. Take English and Scottish side by side. There is no English equivalent for *perjink*, *fussily neat* and *precise*. For *forfochen* they have the old Miltonic *swunk* or *forswunk*, which is good for the tired labourer or a footballer at the end of a terrific game. But it is not quite as good as *forfochen*.

My point is that a language so copious, and picturesque, and so fine-sounding has earned the honour of a national dictionary ten times over. To have these words properly defined is important. For example, Bridie defined *capernoity* as chronically confused in the intellect, but *Jamieson* says it is quarrelsome. We want some more authority on points like that: only a thorough-going, authoritative national dictionary can give it.

How shall we get on with it? The language is there, from Galloway

to Shetland. The lexicographers are there. The means are not there. We can all help the people engaged. You will get the whole complete dictionary, ten volumes of verbal wisdom and fun and word-music, for £20, which can be paid in five instalments of £4, if you like. That's a lot I know, but not so much when you go to the tailor or the dress-maker in these days and find what you can get for the same money, which is precious little in the way of covering for the body. No private library of any size—certainly no public library—should dare to be without it. Nobody is making any profit out of this. Or you can become a donor. Or you can collaborate, as I said, and help to write it yourself.

There has been much argument lately about the use of the old Scottish speech by the new Scottish poets. My own view is that Scottish poets will limit their audiences too severely if they write in nothing else or make their vocabulary too difficult by using rare terms which, after all, a great many Scots themselves do not know. But, if they feel strongly that only with this speech can they be their true and best selves, then let them write in Scottish. Many of them write, according to mood, in both English and Scottish. Sir Alexander Gray is one of my favourites in both. Douglas Young can write beautifully in any tongue from ancient Greek to modern French, German, or our own Lallans. Let the mood dictate the medium.

There are obviously some things that cannot be said in ordinary English. If your theme is the desolation of the Highlands, then the native lingo is the one for it. Here are two brief extracts from Douglas Young's 'Hielant Colloguy'.

Whaur are the fowk and the bestial suld be here?
A by-gane Marquis soopit the countrie clear
a yearhunder syne to gie row to the grouse and the deer.

Or again,

What can ye shaw me here, i this land o the Scots?
Breckans and mairthie yowes and virrless stots,
tuim untentit crofts whaur aathing rots.

I cannot think of any English that would give you the dark, wind-swept bleakness of that last line; 'tuim untentit crofts whaur aathing rots'.

The more I read of Scottish poetry the more I feel the value of its rolling r's and its rich deep diphthongs. They are part of the landscape.

Do ye mind o' me that's deaved wi' the wearyfu' south
An' its puir consairns
While the weepies fade on the knowes at the river's mouth
In the Howe o' the Mearns?

That's not particularly Scottish in language, though deave is not English and the English call weepies by the duller name of ragweed. But its noise is that of the wind working over the parks and the crofts in the country that Lewis Grassie Gibbon put into such wonderful prose; it is the very voice of the little place in the Mearns he called Blawearie. 'Out of the world and into Blawearie'.

So I praise the Scottish language for its wonderful richness of sound as well as for its richness of meaning. Its revival was overdue and is calling forth some admirable writing in all kinds, lyrics and laments and good plain prose. The raw material of it has been blown into Scotland from every airt, across from Ireland and from Europe, down from the isles of the North and up from the curlew-haunted moors of the old Covenanters. There it is, the tapestry of a magnificent vernacular. It wants using, and to use it properly we must know far more of it and about it. The English have that fine achievement, the massive *Greater Oxford English Dictionary* which gives them the chronicle and pattern of their talk, from Chaucer onwards or long before Chaucer. The Scots language has partly grown from the same roots, but, as I said, all sorts of seeds have drifted in on the winds of history and flowered on the moors and in the glens and the dales. It's ridiculous that they should not now be recorded and explained and exemplified in full. For heaven's sake don't let us think of dictionaries simply as books of reference, great dull things only taken down for occasional consultation. They are living voices. Making a dictionary is making an anthology—a posy of flowers. It's not only an etymologist's piece of specialised work. It's history and poetry and humour, all the fashions and passions of man, in a grand jumble.

If this has excited any Scot to realise what is in the air all around him, the fabric of his past, the communication of his present, his gift to the future, I have told him what he can do about it. He can help to be an author as well as being a patron. He can get all the information he wants by writing to David Murison at King's College, Aberdeen.—*Scottish Home Service*

The Spell on the Oven*

By SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

WHEN my houseboy Biribo married, it was only natural that Mareve, the lady of his choice, should take charge of his kitchen. The main job of a Gilbertese woman is to cook for her man, and Mareve's skill with the native earth-oven was a byword in the villages of Tarawa. The earth-oven is a bowl-shaped pit paved with hot stones, on which food is left to cook covered over with a roof of matting. It is a tricky thing to manage, especially for the baking of those complicated native puddings that so easily go sad at the centre. Mareve was famous in particular for her puddings. But for this, I doubt if our kindly and laughter-loving Biribo would ever have married her, for she was a heavy, shrewish creature; and, beyond that, she had made a point of bullying his sister-housekeeper Tanoata ever since the two had been children together at their village mission-school.

Tanoata, at nineteen, was everything Mareve, at twenty-two, was not—light-hearted, swift and very comely in the sleekness of her apricot-satin skin. But, as Biribe told me, her cooking was more than an orphaned bachelor could properly tolerate. He was quite tired of beating her for the undutiful messes she served up to him. So Tanoata was displaced: Mareve came to rule the hearthplace, and nobody thereafter was at peace from her scourging tongue in Biribo's house by the lagoon-side. We did not see much of Tanoata after that. She spent most of the time away in a village with her adoptive grandmother. Whenever she returned, there was furious squabbling in the back premises. The climax came when Biribo, at his wife's end one day, drove her out with blows, whereas, by rights, he should have given Mareve the beating.

I was pottering round the back premises after lunch a day or two later, when I heard someone muttering and moaning very quietly, in

Mareve's cooking-hut. It was strangely alarming. Everyone was supposed to be asleep in Biribo's dwelling-house at that sweltering hour. As I tiptoed to investigate, the idea came to me that someone wrung with pain had crept out to agonise unheard in that murky little den. What I saw there only increased my anxiety. On the floor squatted Tanoata, naked, with an ugly grin on her face, stabbing with a stick at the ashes of her sister-in-law's earth-oven. As she stabbed, she alternately muttered at the ashes and was torn by gusts of strangled laughter. The climax came when with a deep groan she flung herself backwards on the floor, her legs and arms jerking wildly, as in a fit. With every jerk she hissed a word—always the same word—'Tiiki!' meaning tense or tight-drawn, as if in piteous complaint at the spasms that racked her. I started forward: 'Oh, Tanoata!' Her legs and arms slumped to the floor. She lay for a moment all limp staring up at me. Then with a wild shriek she snatched a loin-cloth from beside her and belted out along the beach. I managed to catch her as she tried to double back into the bush. She made no struggle, but collapsed there, face to ground, writhing and groaning. It was quite a time before I grasped that the cause of her distress was neither epilepsy nor any form of pain, but a storm of laughter.

But I didn't find it funny. Tarawa women made little enough of clothes, but they were ferociously modest about entire nakedness. There was something wrong about this girl's laughter. In any case, there was hysteria in it, I thought, so I gave her a good, hard smack, which I have never yet been ashamed of. She stood up, immediately silent, put on her loin-cloth without haste, looked at me smilelessly, and breathed: 'I want Biribo to thrash that woman Mareve. I want him to thrash her. Do you see?' I did not see at all. She suddenly wept

* The first two of Sir Arthur Grimble's talks on sorcery were printed in THE LISTENER on March 29 and April 5

then, and explained. When Biribo had driven her out, she had gone crying to her adoptive grandmother. The old woman had agreed with her that the only medicine for a wife like Mareve was the father and mother of a hiding. The difficulty was that Biribo was much too soft, but that could be changed. The solution was to put a spell on Mareve's earth-oven. The right ritual would infect with black anger everything she cooked in it, and within three days of the third performance Biribo would be making the houseplace ring with her yells of anguish.

The Spoiling

So Tanoata had learned an age-old spell called 'The Spoiling of the Oven'. She had been finishing the third performance when I stumbled upon her. Here is a translation of the words she muttered:

I stab them North, I stab them West,
I stab them South, I stab them East,
The ashes of the oven of Mareve,
Spirits of fire, spirits of stone,
I stab, I confuse, I overturn.
Bring stinking, bring anger.
Be sick at the stomach, you, Biribo, Biribo! Be enraged!
For the food of Mareve stinks and stinks:
It is *tiiki-tiiki-tiki, tiki, tiki!*

Tiiki and *tiki*, meaning in this context 'soggy and full of lumps', was the word I had heard her hiss as she lay twitching on her back. Her grandmother had told her to stiffen every muscle each time she repeated it. She must actually be in her own person, at that moment, a pudding refusing to rise. Otherwise, although the spell could be counted upon in any case to make Mareve's cooking nauseous to all comers, it could not succeed in sending Biribo fighting mad. Hence, the contortions that I had taken for an epileptic fit.

If I had believed that anything could possibly come of this childish mummary, I should certainly have intervened on Mareve's behalf. But I did not believe, and did nothing except for reprimanding Tanoata and threatening to report her to her mission authorities. Anyhow, the third day after her performance passed without the least outburst of conflict in the back premises; so also did the fourth day, a Sunday. But on Monday something queer did happen. Biribo said a word—a very vile word indeed—over the noonday meal about Mareve's cooking. It was the first time he had done anything of the kind since his marriage. Tanoata, who happened to be there, crowed with delight, and that was more than enough for Mareve. She hurled the criticised food—a pudding—into Biribo's face and thrashed him disastrously with a stick while he was plucking the hot mess out of his eyes. She then turned and beat the paralysed Tanoata with equal soundness. I had to run in and stop the appalling noise. Biribo was completely cowed. Tanoata, strangely enough, apologised to Mareve that evening, and stayed on in the house.

I got Biribo to change the site of his cooking hut the same day. The move proved welcome to Mareve. She came especially to thank me: she felt her old hearth had somehow become unlucky. She said she had been having bad dreams about it. That struck me as rather queer. For four days after that, her puddings resumed their former mastery. I took care to enquire from Biribo himself. He lavished the most servile praise on them, and so did Tanoata. I was idiot enough to believe that everyone would now live happily ever after. But on the fourth evening, the comfortable dream was broken. As I sat at my sundown drink, there burst on my ears a tearing shriek from the back premises. It was the shriek of a woman in the extremity of pain and fear. I hurled myself off the verandah. As I ran, I heard a man's voice savagely rumbling, and the sick thuds of a stick on flesh, and newer, wilder shrieks with every thud. It was Biribo thrashing Mareve. He was mad; he hurled me aside when I tried to stop him; he would have beaten her to death if Tanoata had not helped me to drag him off. Even when we pinned him down, he struggled, gnashing his teeth, to get back at her. He raved all the time about her food; he kept on shouting '*Tiiki! Tiiki!*' It may have been pure chance—the word is common enough—but it gave me gooseflesh. I had to put two friendly policemen on guard over him all through that night.

Tanoata had disappeared when I returned from the police lines, but she crawled into my house and woke me at daybreak. She was too terrified at her own thoughts to excuse herself for the intrusion. She began talking as soon as I sat up. I must change Biribo's cooking-hut again. Please, please, would I do it at once. Her confession poured itself out. She had been wicked. She had wanted her revenge. That was why she had stayed on after Mareve had thrashed her: to have her revenge.

She had cursed the second oven. She had done everything properly this time. She had not laughed for one thing: real anger had driven her. For another thing, she had been able to throw herself into the mad-making '*Tiiki-tiiki*' convulsions without interruption from me. It was not cheerful hearing. I could think of nothing better to do than dress and hurry her to the mission station for immediate advice. She followed me eagerly. I returned and got the station police to move the beastly cooking hut to another spot within the next hour. Biribo was sane again by them.

The most probable explanation of all these happenings is, of course, that Tanoata's grandmother gave her something to bury in the bottom of the earth-oven—something or other that tainted the food as it cooked—maybe a fish poison. Tanoata denied it, and I found no suspicious remains in either oven, but these two negatives might mean very little. The question that puzzles me is, why did the poison (assuming there was some) leave Biribo meek enough to take a beating from his wife the first time, yet drive him killing mad the second time? Or if, for argument's sake, my intrusion the first time prevented Tanoata from putting the poison in place, what was it that suddenly made Mareve's cooking bad enough to wring that vile word out of him? And if there was no poison in either oven, then why did Mareve's hand resume its cunning only when she cooked somewhere else? And what gave Mareve her bad dreams about the first oven? I do not pretend to know. The only thing that cheers me about this story is that the thrashing Mareve got did her a lot of good. It sounds all wrong, but it's a fact. She never resumed her nagging of Biribo: she was scared stiff of him. And from that time on, there was shining peace in the back premises.

Oh! and there is something worth adding. Tanoata got herself married from Biribo's house a few months later. The wedding feast that Mareve put up for her was reckoned by all comers as the most delicious in human memory.—*Home Service*

The City

City drowned in night.
Cemetery with successive
many-storied graves of dead
who snore.

I muse, how many
hear through that universal snoring
the footfalls of the patrol?

Seven soldiers march.
Seven soldiers mark
the hearts of the dead
who have yet to die.

And the first soldier
and the second soldier are I, I,
and the third and the fourth and the fifth,
and I the sixth, the seventh.

With fourteen legs I walk,
with fourteen hands I hold
the seven rifles
that can shatter
the drum of the sleeping.

In seven breast-plates, one;
one, in seven belts girded,
I walk about this night,
like a polypous insect
on the sweating face
of the city that snores.
I walk about
tickling it in the nostrils,
tickling
its sleeping conscience.

Transla'ed from the Greek of
G. TH. VAPHOPOULOS by FRANCIS KING

Gardening

Care of Border Carnations

By ROBERT G. ALLWOOD

THE natural home of carnations is the limestone mountains of southern Europe. This should give a good clue to the conditions carnations like. First, they like good drainage, and if your drainage is not naturally good you should improve it. You can do this by lightening the soil, or if you have got very heavy soil make your carnation bed a little higher than the rest of the garden. Then the worst of the rain, when it comes, washes off to the side.

They come from the limestone mountains of southern Europe. That is my second point. A carnation is a lime-loving plant and usually a person who cannot grow carnations can grow rhododendrons and azaleas very well. These plants like an acid soil. Luckily, acidity is one of the things that you can correct simply by adding lime to your carnation bed. But don't get the lime near your azaleas! There is some argument which is the best form of lime to use. In Sussex, where I come from, our soil is very heavy indeed and we find it best to use limestone chippings, as they tend to keep the ground open and yet do not make it too alkaline. Still, the old gardeners' dodge of using old mortar rubble in this type of soil takes a lot of beating. The mortar rubble contains lime and also a certain amount of sand, and sand has the further advantage of improving the drainage. In lighter soil some people recommend using hydrated lime. Another fact that you can deduce from the natural habitat of carnations is that they like a sunny position. They live on open mountain slopes, so don't put them under trees, or against a north wall. Give them plenty of light and don't worry about the cold winter winds. They are very hardy plants.

A serious fault is planting them too deeply. A carnation, when it is planted, should have only enough of the stem buried to hold the plant

upright in the ground, not more than three-quarters of an inch. The cells in the stem are not designed to withstand being buried: they give up the unequal struggle, and so you get stem rot. You often see old plants in the gardens of good carnation growers where the soil is washed away at the base of the stem and the roots are above the ground, the

type of thing you find in certain beech woods.

I often go to a garden where carnations are grown and see a beautiful row of canes dressed by the right looking like a row of soldiers. In my opinion this spoils the effect of a good bed, and I always recommend people who want their carnations for decorative effect to use a few short twiggy pea boughs twelve to eighteen inches long. Put one or two to each plant and they will stop the blooms drifting in the wind without giving you that regimented effect.

You get the best quality flower from a plant flowering



A show carnation, 'Bookham Hero'

for the first time, but in subsequent years you have the mass effect which I think is most attractive. A border carnation should be propagated by layers fairly frequently; this preserves the vigour of the stock. Therefore, why not propagate a few plants every year and keep them for two years, so that you have the best of both worlds—a quality flower on your one-year-old plants, and the mass effect on the two-year-old? The correct time to layer your carnations is to do it when the first flower is fading.

Border carnations fall roughly into two categories—exhibition type and those for garden decoration. Those for exhibition are inclined to have rather long stems and they have been bred chiefly for the perfect shape and quality of their flower, but for ordinary garden decoration you need a shorter-stemmed variety that gives you plenty of flowers.

—Home Service



'Cottage Pride', a good carnation for garden decoration

'If you have a greenhouse', said FRED STREETER in the course of a talk in 'Home Grown', 'you can start your dahlias into growth by putting them on a bench and covering the roots with soil. Otherwise put them in boxes or even pot them up. Then you can root your own cuttings in a close frame and pot them into 5- or 6-inch pots all ready to put out in the first week of June. Suppose you are starting from scratch, buy young plants in 60-sized pots from a specialist. If you fancy the giant-flowered types of dahlia, ask for Large Decoratives, but always ask for those with stiff stems and flowers standing well out of the foliage. The Cactus with long narrow florets full to the centre are very popular and most attractive. For cutting, the small decorative types are most useful, very free, with flowers measuring three to five inches in diameter. Don't give these stakes above three feet six inches. The Small Cactus is one of the most valuable types of dahlia ever raised and has glorious colours. Then there is the peony-flowered race of bushy habit: the Bishop of Landaff is a striking example with copper-coloured foliage and bright crimson flowers. Finally there are the Mignon type, wonderful for bedding, and the Pompom, the most perfect specimen of them all'.

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World Review

FOR APRIL

Professor Cyril Falls discusses the problem of REARMING THE GERMANS. Jean Schlumberger, one of the founders of the Nouvelle Revue Française and the Vieux Colombier, gives his RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRÉ GIDE. Pierre Seghers, publisher and poet, writes a LETTER FROM PARIS. Though Rome is now the capital of culture, there is always something new from Paris—as, for instance, FRANCIS PONGE, the poet of things. V. S. Pritchett writes on Stendhal's last unfinished political novel, LUCIEN LEUWEN. Ramon Faraldo, the Spanish critic, describes, in DON JUAN AND DALÍ, a revolutionary treatment of a traditional play. A poem, or quartet, written in and on India, DIDYMUS, is contributed, by Louis MacNeice. There are also many other articles, and short stories by Bernard Malamud and John Summerfield.

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Essential T. E. Lawrence

Edited by David Garnett. Cape. 12s. 6d.

WHEN T. E. LAWRENCE was a schoolboy he broke one of the bones in his leg fighting a bully, and 'never grew much after that'; almost at the end of his life, when he was forty-two, a bookseller in Aberdeen tried to sell him a second-hand copy of *The Boys' Book of Colonel Lawrence*. These two incidents set the themes of one of the most mythological of near-contemporary lives. Had a novelist invented them, captious critics would have complained that they were too pat, too over-charged with symbolism.

The breaking of the body (and later, the mind, too), the perpetual adolescence, the school-boy hero—surely these are the core of T. E. Lawrence. The youth who would not grow up, who would not accept responsibility or the success he achieved in the romantic desert, who insisted on passing his latter years among professional soldiers and airmen almost half his age, who seems to have felt only the emotions of latency—the daring and the passionate friendships of schoolboy adventure novels—the rebel who never gave in to the demands of the grown-ups, this is one of the heroes of our times, a mythological figure so potent that friend and foe alike would not believe he could die. It is a potentially dangerous figure—Adolf Hitler in the opening chapters of *Mein Kampf* draws himself as just such a character—but Lawrence's resentments and hidden hatred were turned inward rather than outward; he was himself his own scapegoat, his own tortured body and lacerated sensitivities (what man has put himself more frequently in situations entailing pain?), his private Buchenwald; and the body politic escaped unscathed. It was a near thing: 'I haven't', he wrote in a letter in 1923, 'the impulse and the conviction to fit what I know to be my power of moulding men and things; and so I always regret what I have created, when the leisure after creation lets me look back and see that the idea was secondhand'; and near-fascists were making overtures when he finally broke his body irremediably.

The foundation of his myth was a spectacular, but relatively minor, military episode in Arabia during the latter half of the first world war; but modern techniques of publicity, and all the romance of the desert, magnified it out of proportion, so that it ranks as a 1066-and-all-that episode in English mental history. Lawrence helped to insure the maximum publicity for his own account of it by the very curious shenanigans accompanying the publication of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and the truncated *Revolt in the Desert*. Consciously, he badly wanted to write a masterpiece, even, he claimed, joined the R.A.F. to acquire copy; but he did not wish to be publicly judged, for that would have meant accepting adulthood, and so he published and did not publish, advanced and withdrew, demanded judgment and mistrusted praise.

His mistrust of praise was probably well-founded. His book describes some remarkable episodes, episodes which would have been remarkable however they had been told, but the manner, in contrast to the matter, is too contrived, too self-conscious, tries too hard for distinction. One can smell the erasures where the uncommon word, the convoluted syntax, replaced the first thoughts. Passages from *The Mint*, here printed for the first time, suggest that this book lacks at least the faults of the earlier one; but the mystification continues, and it is still unpublished.

David Garnett seems to have felt that it is Lawrence's life, not his writing, which is the 'essential' T. E. Lawrence; and with great ingenuity he has made an autobiography out of his literary remains, using his letters, his technical articles, his reports as well as his published and unpublished work. The famous purple passages—the rape at Deraa, the hospital at Damascus, the dynamiting of the train—are all included; so too is the suppressed first chapter of the *Seven Pillars* and extracts from *The Mint* and *Leaves in the Wind*. Nearly all the evidence is here, presented with care and skill; but in the last resort the essential T. E. Lawrence cannot be found within the covers of a book, for the essence is myth and not literature.

The Little Madeleine. By Mrs. Robert Henry. Dent. 12s. 6d.

From the first page of this long autobiography the reader is netted, is emotionally and imaginatively involved in another world, another time. Nobody, confronted with such aliveness is going to bother much with the faults of Mrs. Henry's account of her childhood in France, for faults it has. It is surely too long, too crowded, confused, cumbersome, too cluttered up with detail—and not really well-written. Mrs. Henry is writing—as few of us could—in a language not her own; and her English is sometimes (excusably) unsure, involved, inapt. The French keeps coming through with odd effects. Strange words creep in now and again. But all this is dimmed, swept aside by the book's extraordinary power to convey pictures and call up feeling.

The little Madeleine was born among the very poor in one of those decrepit, toppling houses uphill in Montmartre. Here whole families lived on every floor, sometimes in every room, and living was simply the struggle to live at all. Her mother made lace and did dressmaking to help to support the family. Her father worked hard at whatever manual work there was and he could do—but drank hard too and was violent and frightening. Mrs. Henry's portrayal of her father may be taken as a sample of the great merit of her book. Although his moods and his anger constantly loomed and threatened, driving his unhappy wife and child at one time to actual flight, he is viewed with no bitterness, is not judged or blamed. You are made to see him as human, really (and a bit pathetically) loving his wife and depending on her, being sorry he was bad, enjoying convivial week-ends and family reunions and digging in his allotment just like anybody else. His painful dying and paupers' funeral are recorded vividly and with grief, but Mrs. Henry's tolerance and understanding are backed-up by commonsense and reasonableness; the 'happy release' aspect of her father's death is not overlooked. One is French, after all, and life must go on.

The little Madeleine, as children are, was constantly carried and sent about like a parcel—from one poor district of Paris to another, to the gold glare of the Midi, to the fertile valley of the Loire where the wide river glittered under great arches of sky; back again to Paris. But always places mattered less to her than people. Her book bulges, buzzes with life. There are rich courtesans, cheap prostitutes, brothels, apaches with knives, washerwomen, milliners, barbers, street musicians, consumptives, quarrelsome neighbours, misers, naughty little girls, police, nuns, pimps, eccentrics, soldiers, fortune-tellers, cross *concierges* and many more. And there among them was this child with her bright

eyes watching, and her prodigious memory storing it all away—to be unpacked years later in London, and picked over with infectious pleasure, and put in a book. A good thing too.

Coal (The Official History of the Second World War). By W. H. B. Court. H.M.S.O. 21s.

With this volume the Official Civil History of the War moves from the level of the general introductory survey to that of the detailed monograph. This may therefore be said to be its last word on the vital subject of Coal and in this respect Professor Court's important book illuminates both the potentialities and limitations of the series.

The author's approach is primarily chronological and shows how the war-time problems of the coal industry superimposed themselves on one another, each complicating the task of meeting the fundamental need to arrest falling output and ensure equitable distribution. Many but not all of these problems had their roots in the difficulties and disasters of the inter-war period. Although mechanisation had been pushed steadily forward, the industry was neither technically, organisationally, nor—perhaps most important—psychologically equipped to meet the demands of a war economy. It was an old industry in every sense, not least in the average age of its workers; an industry more highly organised than in 1914, but for contraction rather than expansion; a 'sick industry' with its workers 'a sick society'. To achieve its aim of meeting the minimum fuel requirements of every consumer the Government had to weld together an industry still largely regional and particularist in outlook and organisation, and to do this while denying itself the authority which accompanies ownership. The war-time history of coal is therefore a record of 'administrative shifts and devices' aimed at solving specific problems while maintaining an equilibrium between frequently conflicting sectional and regional interests—a consideration tending to increase the complexity and lessen the effectiveness of every remedy applied.

Professor Court's judgments on these expedients are firm but essentially temperate and charitable. 'Everyone', he says, 'must recognise the difference between events in the making and the same events seen, from some quiet angle of a later time, in the fullness of their relation, not merely to what went before them, but also to what followed after'. This is sound counsel, most clearly perceived but too often disregarded by the historian of near-contemporary events.

But if this volume constitutes the last word of the Official History it is clearly not all that can or should be said on the war-time coal industry. Professor Court would be the first to admit this. The shortcoming, however—if such it is—belongs not to him but to the series as a whole. The editor (Professor Hancock) on behalf of his team has expressly abjured the responsibility of weighing 'those large moral and political issues that put the greatest strain on contemporary judgment'. This is an understandable and justifiable reservation, but one which creates particular difficulties in the case of an industry whose organisation has long been a matter of political controversy. Professor Court by no means ignores the significance of political decisions—though he appears to minimise their importance on occasion—but they tend to form merely a backcloth to the developments on the administrative plane.

For many, however, the political issue will be

fundamental. They will argue that the makeshift co-ordination of Whitehall was a poor and inefficient substitute for full state-control, and that even as late as 1943 nationalisation of the industry would have stimulated the output of extra coal to relieve the anxieties of the last winters of the war. In the light of this tenable if debatable proposition it is pertinent to ask under what circumstances the War Cabinet of 1940-5 came to deny itself powers over the industry which were exercised by its predecessor of the first world war. The exploration of this and similar questions lies outside the province of this volume. Likewise the author eschews any attempt to delineate or to assess the influence of the various individuals who helped to shape the industry's war-time history. The omission is inevitable, but it leaves the impression, valid or otherwise, of an industry without prominent personalities and moulded rather by committees and associations than by individuals.

Primarily then this is an administrative history, an emphasis perhaps insufficiently indicated by the title. It is the war seen from Whitehall rather than from Westminster, the colliery office or the pit (though there is an excellent vignette of the mining community). Its limitation arises from the circumstances within which the whole series has been necessarily and deliberately conceived and written. But even the acceptance of these limits has left Professor Court with a formidable task in reducing to order a vast and complex array of official material. The skilful weaving of his story almost conceals the magnitude of his achievement. Later historians from other vantage points may supplement this official history, but it will be surprising if their work excels in thoroughness, balance and lucidity this scholarly and absorbing volume.

The Vedic Age: The Bharatiya Itihasa Samiti's History and Culture of the Indian People, Vol. I. General Editor Dr. R. C. Majumdar.
Allen and Unwin. 35s.

This is the first volume of an extensive history of India by Indian scholars. Its conception is due to The Hon. Dr. K. M. Munshi and its realisation to the generosity of the well known Indian industrialist, Mr. G. S. Birla. In his preface Dr. Majumdar draws attention to the fact that, hitherto, historians have been pre-occupied with the long series of invasions India has endured. Yet it is evident that Indian culture persists, and this remarkable fact obviously requires greater consideration than European historians have given it. Indeed, looking back through the British period, Indian history, as it has been written, is largely a tale of administrative problems. The Imperial problem has eclipsed the realities of the land and its people.

Dr. Majumdar, therefore, wisely lays the foundations of this new work upon geological and geographical chapters, the first admirably done by Mr. D. N. Wadia, the latter perhaps a little too reminiscent of the Imperial Gazetteer and its preoccupation with frontiers. Attention is given to the part that archaeology can play in the writing of history by the inclusion of a survey of archaeological explorations in India. Dr. Sankalia, also, deals with pre-history in the light of his own research work, though his short paragraphs on the Iron Age are devoted almost entirely to megaliths and he neglects the point of view that accepts the Southern Indian burial sites as late in date. His work would have been easier if the chapters on the Indus Valley Civilisation had been treated archaeologically. The importance of the Harappa Culture does not lie in the identification of certain of its elements as the rudiments of Indian culture, but in the simple fact that from very early times there were great cities in India, and that the

decay of these must be discussed together with the problems of Indian pre-history as a whole, and especially with the problem of the arrival of the Aryans.

The greater part of the rest of this volume is in the able hands of Dr. B. K. Ghosh and Dr. V. M. Apte, and their collaboration is very satisfactory. In a work of this kind, differences of opinion are bound to occur, but the writing here is both clear and candid, and achieves the satisfactory result of displaying both the conflict of opinion and the magnitude of the critical problems implicated. Dr. A. D. Pusalker, who deals with the historical tradition, still thinks in terms of the date of the Bharata war, but maintains a watchful eye on geography. He points out that the Puranas claim that in the Krita Age the Aryans were in occupation of the whole of the north of India, but only down to the Tapti. He also admits that Panini mentions only one place south of the Narmada. He might have quoted Dr. E. J. Thomas' interesting comments on the limited geographical knowledge of the earlier Pali works. The evidence of the geography of the texts is obviously important with regard to their dating, especially in view of the fact that no city-site has yet been excavated, even in the Ganges valley, which can be clearly dated before the 3rd century B.C. India has no need to exaggerate the antiquity of her culture.

Professor H. G. Rawlinson is responsible for the revision of the MS. and he and the printers between them have produced a clear and readable page. This is obviously the beginning of an important series.

Colonel of Dragoons

By Philip Woodruff. Cape. 12s. 6d.

It is seldom disputed that the 'Great Earl' of Peterborough, the general of the War of the Spanish Succession, comprised in his character an element of the military genius and one of the charlatan. Where opinion is divided is over the relative strength of those elements. Mr. Woodruff tacitly acknowledges the presence of both, but gives the first by far the bigger place. If he had not, his book in its present form would hardly have been worth writing. This form is unusual. The book is scarcely a historical novel because almost the only important figure in it not drawn from the life is that colonel of dragoons who is included in order to provide a contemporary view of Peterborough. Wherever historical material is to be found, it has been used. The author goes so far as to include 60 pages of notes and commentary at the end.

The general opinion in the past has been that this is an unsatisfactory method, and it is to be doubted whether the many excellent points in *Colonel of Dragoons* will be considered as full compensation for its adoption. There must be a sharp line between biography and fiction, and once over it the author would be wise not to lay bare so painstakingly the 'works' because they tend to destroy the illusion which it must in this case have been his object to create—otherwise he would not have brought in the fictional figures. Mr. Woodruff has none the less written an interesting and exciting tale, which should find many contented readers.

The Making of Books

By Sean Jennett. Faber. 42s.

In one of his fiercely gay passages John Donne declares that if Livy had had the telling of the story of the making of the world, which Genesis tells in ten words, there would needs have been another world created to contain all the books of the history of the creating of the world. One might have thought that of the making of books about the making of books also there would prove to be no end. That this is far from true a reference to the bibliography

in the work now under review will prove. Book-making is still a little desert in the oasis of arts-and-crafts literature.

A quick, and double, test of a work like Mr. Sean Jennett's is indeed in its bibliography. Is it aware of, and so is it possibly informed by, all that has already been usefully published on its subject? And is there in the list any book which makes the writing of this book unnecessary? Mr. Jennett's bibliography answers both questions most satisfactorily. He is cognisant of everything worth while that has been printed on his subject; and this everything does not include a single work, nor even a collection of works, of a like range and authority. The parts of a book, the partial processes of a book, have been reasonably well analysed and described by other writers; but never the whole fashioning. Even in his parts Mr. Jennett improves; in his whole he excels.

The due appraisal of printing is seldom made in book-reviews, and a lush designer can often get away with murder, and even flaunt the doctor's certificate. The reason is obvious. The reviewer, chosen for his expertness in the book's subject-matter, knows nothing of the qualities which make good book production; and if the book is pretentious or grandiose he is apt, in his ignorance, to give warm praise to its printing. From now on the ordinary reader, the intelligent reader, and even the professional critic, can correct and furnish his taste in these matters. And for that he must thank Mr. Sean Jennett.

The Making of Books is divided as to its text into two parts. There are 150 pages about the tools and technique of composing by hand and machine, of reproducing and printing text and picture by the traditional and new processes, and of hand and machine binding. This part contains also a useful chapter on papers and papermaking, with a proper judgment on those horrid papers which some publishers use to bulk a few pages into an appearance of many. The second part is nearly twice as long as the first, and is devoted to the design of books—in other words to the intelligent and sensitive application of the tools, materials and techniques already described. Both parts are furnished with diagrams and illustrations on so handsome a scale that they become themselves—there are 199 of them—a purposeful element in the service of the author's argument and the reader's understanding.

Mr. Jennett, it may be noted, 'commenced printer' at the age of eight (Dr. Daniel when he started his first press was a mature ten), has worked at the compositor's case, and is today a practising book-designer—though he is to be warned that he is likely to find his current career much interrupted by the demand of editors for more writing such as this.

Confucius: The Man and the Myth

By H. G. Creel

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

It has been one of the discoveries of modern scholarship that the conventional idea of Confucius and his philosophy contains much that is legendary. Confucianism tapped, as it were, the stream of transmission of the Life and Works, only after much that was apocryphal had filtered in. Critical treatment of the source material has enabled scholars to trace the stages in the process of hagiography, by which Confucius passed from historical figure to Sage. The results of these researches have now been assembled and set out in popular form, by the Professor of Early Chinese Literature and Institutions at the University of Chicago.

His book falls into three parts. The first, a discussion of the material available for a life of Confucius, and a brief historical introduction to his period. The second, the life of Confucius

and his followers, as reconstructed from the less contaminated of the source material. There is also an appreciation added here, of his work and influence. In the third part, 'Confucianism', the apotheosis of the man and the birth of the myth is described. There are then what are in effect, two separate essays; one on 'Confucianism and Western Democracy' in which Chinese influences on western political thought are considered; and another, 'Confucius and the Republic of China', in which the contribution of contemporary Confucianism to current political theory in China is assessed.

Professor Creel reflects fairly accurately the consensus of scholarly opinion, on the value of the material at our disposal for a biography of Confucius. The reliable residue however, it must be confessed, is thin. It requires great dexterity to clothe the bare bones and infuse them with life. The author, drawing on his wide reading and reflection on Chinese literature, has sought to do this. Meticulous provision of footnotes and

references attest his erudition. Much that he says is valuable and interesting. Much is legitimate inference. Occasionally he shows great ingenuity. The final picture is, however, unconvincing.

The trouble is, that in breathing life into the bare bones Professor Creel has also endowed Confucius with many laudable, but hopelessly late, European ideas. Confucius in fact lived two thousand five hundred years ago. In his evocation, Professor Creel makes him a sort of Chinese Jefferson. He is most anxious to prove that Confucius was a 'democrat'. One almost gets the impression that Confucius has been arraigned before a modern political tribunal. He has certainly found an enthusiastic advocate. But what can one make of such observations as 'Confucius would not have agreed with the statement of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal"'. But he would have agreed with the French Declaration of the Rights of Men and of Citizens, of 1789, that

men are "equal in respect of their rights" or 'Not every thinker who has approved of democracy as an abstract principle, has been able to provide for it a consistent philosophy fulfilling its rather difficult requirements. Confucius did this to an unusual degree...'. 'Confucius was not a communist'. What relevance, one might ask, has all this to a discussion of the Confucius of history, after critical scholarship has rid the accepted accounts of anachronism and fabrication?

In Professor Creel's defence it should however be said that his approach is very much in the spirit of some contemporary Chinese scholars. The modernist movement there, has shown great critical acumen. But it too, has fathered on the rediscovered Confucius, the authority for new ideas. This is discussed very interestingly in the final essay. It is perhaps the most significant part of the whole book. It is important to understand the nature of the new, no less than the old, myths.

Fairly Polled?

The British General Election of 1950. By H. G. Nicholas. Macmillan. 21s.

IN 1777 DR. JOHNSON DECLARED that 'if England were fairly polled, the present king would be sent away tonight, and his adherents hanged tomorrow'. That is a proposition which even so close a student of eighteenth-century electioneering methods as Professor Namier might hesitate to confirm or refute. All of course turns on the words 'fairly polled'. Looking back we are horrified at the bribery and intimidation of Johnson's England; looking forward he would no doubt be equally horrified at the mass dragooning of voters in Mr. Attlee's England. Many thinking people would say—and they would not need to invoke the powerful aid of Dr. Johnson—that organisation, which can unquestionably sway elections today, is only a substitute of the twentieth century for the rollicking bribery of the brave days of old. The dead weight of organised opinion is just as effective in masking the true feelings of the elector as was (to use a happy phrase of Mr. Churchill) 'the open door at the public-house'. At the General Election of 1837 Lord John Russell expressed this very clearly in commenting to Queen Victoria on the results in Middlesex and Perthshire. He said that in these places, 'as in many other instances, the superior organisation of the Tory Party have enabled them to gain the appearance of a change of opinion, which has not in fact taken place'. Organisation in electioneering, and its effect on the results, deserves a careful and scientific study. This it has now received in an important, interesting and careful analysis of the 1950 Election compiled by Mr. Nicholas, a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. The Prime Minister has lately given a drubbing to election tipsters, and it may well be found that the best preliminary to forecasting the next election is to understand that last. For this Mr. Nicholas' book is essential.

Perhaps the most instructive part of this book is the examination, with map and diagram, of the areas where Labour declined. In this connection it is interesting to note that Labour lost least in those areas where the Conservative domination was greatest. In the West of England and in East Anglia Labour losses were under 2 per cent compared with 8½ per cent in Middlesex. Seats (taken at random) like Wells, South Dorset, the Isle of Ely and Bury St. Edmunds show an astonishing upsurge in the Labour vote—the more astonishing for all

familiar with the political part of those delectable back-waters. Mr. Nicholas does not offer any clear explanation of this portent unless the agricultural policy of the Government is held to account for it. If this is so, Labour strategists were perhaps foolish not to have made more of their agricultural achievements in their national campaign. Only 40 per cent. of the Labour election addresses made any reference to it at all.

In the election of 1950 Labour lost 79 seats. Mr. Nicholas calculates that between 25 per cent. and 50 per cent. of those losses were caused by the changes in the boundaries. It is difficult to dispute this; and realising what the changes would entail, Labour can hardly be blamed for abolishing those pocket boroughs of the intellectuals—the University seats. Mr. Nicholas likewise argues that the Conservatives owed 10 seats to their masterly handling of the postal vote. He shows that in the 12 London constituencies which returned Conservatives the average postal vote was 1,119, while the average postal vote in the 31 London constituencies which returned Labour members was only 490. The cost of the election is a fruitful topic for consideration. The Conservatives spent £470,000 or 10d. for each vote they won; Labour spent £428,000 or 8½d. for each vote; the Liberals spent £217,000 or 1s. 9½d. a vote; the Communists spent £25,000 or 6s. a vote. It would be interesting to know how these total expenditures would compare with the total election expenses in the old Eatanswill days.

On the controversial issue of the effect of Liberal candidatures Mr. Nicholas shows that their intervention was by no means disastrous for Conservative hopes, and rightly draws attention to the ludicrous over-emphasis of the importance of the Liberal Party by their bitterest enemy—the *Daily Telegraph*. Yet it is not without significance that on the real issues of the day—as distinct from the Humpty Dumpty fight about what was happening in 1930—the Liberals showed far greater understanding than did the other parties. A study of election addresses shows that Liberal candidates gave far more space to foreign issues than did either Conservative or Labour candidates. In a sample bundle of addresses, seven Liberals made reference to the atom bomb; out of the same bundle one Conservative and one Labour candidate only made allusion to it. The absence of defence from

Labour addresses was highly discreditable to the Party.

There is a certain pathos, blended with humour, in studying a parliamentary candidate at work. Mr. Nicholas, in his examination of election addresses—a neglected but fascinating field for those who enjoy botanising among human nature—is on the whole merciful. Perhaps the most eccentric address was that of a candidate for Midlothian—the constituency which once rang with the measured prose of Mr. Gladstone. It began 'the old-fashioned sort of election address bores people stiff. They don't need to read it (and they DON'T read it) they know what's in it BEFORE they open it! It's got a beard on it. I (W. Weir Gilmour) have tried to turn out a DIFFERENT SORT OF ELECTION MESSAGE'. Alas! (though Mr. Nicholas might have told us this) the message that was different did not save Mr. Gilmour from the common fate of the Liberal Party which he adorned. Perhaps there is something in the distant air of Scotland which encourages originality, for in 1945 Mr. Strachey included in his address an almost Napoleonic appeal for votes: 'Soldiers, sailors, airmen, A.T.S., W.R.N.S., and W.A.A.F.s for your very lives' sake...'. Some of the most pitiful performances concerned a candidate's family. The wife of the candidate for Bath revealed that her earliest memory of her husband was watching him play football for Bath, 'and I knew then his devotion for his native city'. A Labour candidate included a message from his wife, his 16-year-old son, his 14-year-old daughter and his 81-year-old mother. A Norfolk candidate took the more unusual course of distributing a photograph of himself in the company of 'my favourite sow'. Mr. Nicholas found only one occasion when a woman candidate included a message from her husband. He found one or two addresses with regrettable lapses into verse. Reading Mr. Nicholas' book, some may be reminded of the words of Edmund Burke, used by Mr. Churchill during the height of the contest with much feeling and effect: 'What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue'. In the same speech to the Bristol electors Burke used words, which possibly candidates of all parties might, with advantage, ponder: 'It is no plaything we are about. I tremble when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask'.

ROGER FULFORD

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Facts and Fuss

TELEVISION, WE MUST SUPPOSE, did its best about last Monday's hardly inspiring social duty of filling up our census forms. It tried to make us understand the inevitable and to accept it sensibly. But was it really necessary for the enlightening process to be so fussy, to carry us off to a symbolical No. 10 something-avenue, to show us an irate householder succumbing to the blandishments of an oozyly benevolent officialdom?

Fussiness is manifesting itself in too much that television is doing and usually, if not invariably, because television ought not to be doing it. Sound by itself could have encompassed this census job in all its parts just as effectively. Graham Hutton, posed at what the producer had evidently decided was the characteristic angle of British neighbourliness, let us have the facts good and hard. High in the list of reasons he gave for the census in its new style was that it will provide information of service to free-lance journalists. Theirs is a kind of professional enterprise not always underrated in Fleet Street, but it was startling to hear of so vast an apparatus of the state being set in motion partly for their benefit. An unequivocal, no-nonsense reason for the census could have been supplied. Strange that this programme failed in precisely that particular. Jack Longland, in the sound-only version of 'Any Questions?' on Friday night, said persuasively in two minutes nearly everything that this programme attempted to say in a quarter-of-an-hour.

Production fussiness certainly was not the defect of 'Bygones', in which we were shown a collection of quaint household relics and invited to guess their use and origins. One of them was a 'chestnut stopper', a tiny bell affixed to the

lapel of an old gentleman of former times who made it ping when any member of his club started to tell a story already told too often. Incidentally, it presented us with the proposition that the user may have been as great a bore as those whom he wished to silence. Here, then, was novelty in a variety of instructive as well as amusing forms, first-rate visual material. Unfortunately, the explanatory technique of the



The television cameras, on April 4, visited Britain's oldest bell foundry, in White-chapel, while a ton of molten bronze was poured into the mould of the Festival bell

lady displaying the objects was not equal to the occasion. Apart from addressing us as if we were in the eight-to-eleven age group, she had surprisingly little to tell us about any of them and much of what she did tell was in the nature of uninspired guesswork. Never was a factual programme more perilously undermined by suppositions. Yet two research workers were given credits and the producer's name, in bolder capitals than usual, came rolling majestically up the screen to claim our homage at the end.

Solemnly it must be stated that this is a sort of programme that does television no good. There are too many voices ready to be raised in condemnation as it is. One of them, a novelist's, was heard to say at a recent gathering of publishers that 'we needn't take television too seriously—it's only a toy'. One can but hope that he was shut off by some new phase of creativeness from seeing a programme so full of encouragement for perverse opinions. 'Bygones' is announced as a series. The producer should produce it, not fling it at us, unimpressed though he may be by the afternoon viewing potential.

It follows that the novelist critic of television would not have joined in the acclamation of Joan Gilbert when she was handed the silver medal of the Television Society at its dinner the other night. 'Television Newsreel' might have made more of the event. For instance, Sir Malcolm Sargent stirred our curiosity about the speech that preceded his own and we were given none of it. Joan Gilbert, looking as usual as if she was worrying about whether she had left the bath tap running, posed a charming picture for us and there was no doubting the sincerity of the welcome she received. Graciously associating ourselves with the well-earned tribute, may we suggest to the editor of 'Picture Page' that she edits herself and cuts out those ruminative 'mm's' from her future interviewing? The hint is a friendly one, meant to be helpful. A succession of interjected 'mm's' is amplified by the microphone into what often sounds embarrassingly like pity for the interviewed.

One job which 'Television Newsreel' did with commendable thoroughness was its visit to the Oxfordshire countryside to see how the farmers there are taking the phenomenal weather setbacks of this spring. It showed town viewers that the nation's traditional grumblers have



'Woman's Viewpoint': from left to right, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Margery Fry, Dame Vera Laughton Mathews and Jill Craigie in the first television discussion by women for women, which took place on April 3



'Tea for You': Berkeley Smith, a television commentator, awaits the decision of Mr. Stevens (who has had over fifty years' experience of tea tasting) in the sale room where teas are tasted and blended

something to grumble about and that not all of them are meeting the situation by chewing straws and gazing woefully at the sky. The camera came back with some excellent shots both of character and the present disturbing rural scene. But it went beyond its mandate, we want to say, in giving us the picture of its Korean war cameraman, Cyril Page, embracing his wife on his return the other day. This was not in the public domain. It was personal and private. Appreciation of Page's work was sufficiently contained in Edward Halliday's talk with him.

Asked to criticise a first novel, Ambrose Bierce said the only comment he had to make was that its covers were too far apart. So were the beginning and the end of the televised programme of ski-jumping at Hampstead Heath. It went on too long, reminding us once more of what the old lady said on seeing the sea for the first time, that one wave is very like another. Skill and nerve and some brilliant performances were brought to our screens and we were not insensible of the organisation that made it possible. The fact remains that there was a fairly heavy subsidence of interest some time before the crowd began to melt away in the rain. The programme confirmed a private belief, now made public, that television has a rapidly improving interviewing personality in Berkeley Smith, one whose mind is at all points on the job. There is nothing apologetic about his question technique. He does not use false jocularity. He is doggedly pertinent and yet not intimidating. He showed up particularly well in 'Tea for You' and 'Festival Bell', two of the best informational programmes of the year so far. Richard Dimbleby has a rival coming up, fast.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Louder and . . . Funnier ?

THE THIRD PROGRAMME is now audible. For this relief much thanks. It has been hard being loyal sometimes to that don's voice heard far off, or to the elusive playlet all atmosphere and silence which so often came out as atmospherics and fading, or to that harpsichord like someone distantly thrashing a birdcage. But those days are over. Strindberg and the dons are deafeningly near—a case perhaps for shouting 'Can you hear me (Alma) Mater?'

It may be objected that it might have been better to wait to inaugurate the Third Programme until proper transmission was available; that in some ways the uplifting effort has gone off at half-cock. Yet if Sir William Haley had waited until now, nothing, it seems to me, is more sure than that we should never have got a Third Programme at all.

The new era started off with a full blast 'Heartbreak House', the first broadcast of this play, something so interesting and important that I shall permit myself the luxury of a full-length review next week. Meanwhile, now that the wavelength is really in use, are we to see any changes of policy? Will the Third Programme sometimes be more 'amusing'? There are after all hundreds and thousands of strange, piquant, curious and diverting things (on record and off) in which it might indulge. I do not want to grumble at all but I hope that it is not to become (more than it is quite satisfactorily already) merely a poor man's university. At the same time, it is perfectly right that the fun should not be forced (the Variety Department, on the Light, please note). Humour crops up now and again even on the Third. Those Stephen Porter lectures were delicious, and last week we had a merry time with Honor Tracy's 'Foreign Correspondent'. I daresay some of the things that most pleased me here were in the nature of a private joke. Perhaps only those who

have endured the agonies of telephoning 'copy' would get the full flavour out of that dogged transcription of the 'beautiful Easter' story in which 'the basilica was suddenly surrounded by a host of white gloves'. 'Doves! doves!' shrieks the frantic scribe. 'Oh doves, is it?' But some of the glory has departed. This recalled for me so vividly similar passages in our own life-in-art that I rolled on the floor with pleasure. That lovely sentence about 'a sky of radiant mother-of-pearl' (stern voice from Manchester 'Moothor of 'oo?') or an arty remark about one of old Ibsen's irate fathers ('One of old Gibson's Irish farmers'). How easily might Miss Tracy have bid for pity, have dramatised the vocation ('I saw Hitler burning'). Not so. And the programme was all the nicer for its note of resignation and frivolous despair. It was probably a good thing to have the writer's own voice for the narrative though it didn't bite very sharply. Cecile Chevreau was excellent as the long-suffering heroine and there were nice little contributions in the brogue, the whine and the special Balkan Public Relations Officer voice.

There was once a play called 'Duet for Two Hands' which I remember as a supreme example of the off-putting title. 'The Last Hellene' was called 'a soliloquy for three voices', surely also a tiresome title even if in fact it proved not a bad description. (I see the Oxford Dictionary, not meaning to be unkind, defines soliloquy as 'Talking regardless of the presence of hearers'.) The style was perhaps rather euphuistic but on the whole it went well, sometimes touching that secret spring of the imagination. D. G. Bridson was, I thought, lucky in his interpreting soliloquists and his musician. The Third Programme week, last of the old inaudible epoch, was further enriched by a repeat of 'Le Chemin de Crête' and 'The "Bacchae" of Euripides' which was a handsome and rewarding business.

'Housemaster' and Emery Bonett's 'Mr. Beverley Plays God' did nicely enough, but why, one wonders, did we all think the latter play such a masterpiece when we heard it before? On revival it struck me as ordinary and forced in characterisation. Not meant for two hearings? Unlike a book re-read (lightly), a radio play has to be re-listened to 'all out' or not at all.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

They Beg To Differ

FIVE OR SIX MONTHS AGO I passed a few remarks on the most recent broadcast of 'We Beg to Differ' in which I confessed that in its earlier days I had found it too anxious to be funny at all costs. Such behaviour runs the risk, I said, of irritating rather than amusing the listener, or at least, I ought to have added, the fault-finding kind of listener which much listening has made me. But now, I went on, things were different. The team, judged by the performance I had just heard, were one and all reformed characters who answered questions seriously, intelligently and wittily, so that the show had become an excellent entertainment—lively comedy instead of facile farce. What was the reason of this transformation? That they no longer kept one eye on the gallery, but both on the ball. A simple explanation, but regrettably superficial when you come to think of it, because a team that totally ignores its audience tends to talk far too easily and carelessly to be worth listening to. In the cheerful company of half-a-dozen friends a large percentage of lively ineptitude will not only pass muster but even contribute to the sociability, but it will fall as flat and wet as a cold pancake on the ear at the other side of the radio-set. The only hope of warming up this chilly and capricious

absentee is to produce talk which, however frivolous, is much more pointed and economically phrased than is commonly heard on social occasions.

Few experiences are more chastening than to listen to a recording of oneself. One recalls the warm human eloquence one poured into the microphone and listens aghast to the cold attenuated stuff to which the B.B.C. machinery and the local radio-set has reduced it. It is a valuable and instructive ordeal and I suspect that the old team bravely submitted themselves to it and, by dint of so doing, acquired a trained awareness of what the programme demanded of them. No wonder, then, that when I lent an ear to the new team last week I felt . . . well . . . let down. Once again I noted too great a determination to amuse me, with the result that, like Queen Victoria, I was not amused, at least not all the time. Where were the crisp, economical dialogue and the pointed reply which I had come to take for granted? Gone with the old gang and not yet granted to the new. But naturally! No one expects even the most accomplished 'cellist all of a sudden to do a brilliant improvisation on the fiddle. Once they have learned to work as a team and picked up the tricks of this very special trade the new team will doubtless show themselves formidable rivals of the old.

And it is not only the new team who are the novices when a change-over of this kind occurs. In a sense we listeners are somewhat in the same condition. We are brought up against new personalities, new voices, and the voices especially are a distraction from the matter in hand. It is all very unsettling and irritating. This is why I may have given the impression that last week's programme was a total flop. But it wasn't; far from it; nor, even if it had been, would that have been a fatal symptom. 'We Beg to Differ' is one of those programmes whose nature it is to mature slowly and it will be interesting, once again, to watch it, with the detached but not intolerant eye of an aunt-by-marriage, grow up from a rather too irresponsible child into a personable and intelligent adult.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Luisa Miller

OF ALL VERDI's earlier and unknown operas, by which I mean the operas written before 'Rigoletto', which came out just a hundred years ago, 'Luisa Miller' is the one that most emphatically demanded our attention. As we were able to hear last week, this is something quite different from the epic 'Nabucco' and the heroically tragic 'Macbeth'. It is altogether more simple and intimate and infinitely touching. It has sometimes been said that 'Luisa Miller' foreshadows 'La Traviata', but Luisa's sad story is told in music which has a freshness, an out-of-door fragrance quite different from the heavy perfumes exhaled quite appropriately by Violetta. Luisa, with what is now called her 'father fixation', seems to me much closer to Gilda, though her tragedy is much less violent and sombre than that of Rigoletto's daughter.

Nothing is more remarkable in Verdi than his ability to use the same kind of musical material for completely different ends. The opening chorus with its *staccato* phrases, its detached quavers and its sudden crescendos, is composed quite in the manner of Verdi's conspiratorial choruses, for instance that of the murderers in 'Macbeth'. But by softening the accents and lightening the texture he produces exactly the effect of that fragrant country freshness which I have remarked. Listening to this delightful opening scene in which Luisa's friends congratulate her on her name-day, one had no

need to see the setting. That pretty Tyrolean village—the *ameno villaggio* of the stage direction—was conjured up by the music. No less charming, though now clouded with tragedy, is the girls' chorus at the beginning of the last act, which is musically the best all through.

The recording was, apart from some occasional fading, clear and reasonably well balanced, though the orchestral tone sounded a bit thin. The best singing came from Giacomo Vaghi, the bold, bad Count, the possessor of a resonant bass voice which he used to excellent effect. As his collaborator in villainy, the atrocious Wurm, upon whose every appearance those present seemed to exclaim his monosyllabic name with that lively repulsion commonly felt for reptiles, Duilio Baronti gave a dramatically apt performance. His rather drier voice made an admirable contrast to the Count's in that

remarkable duet for the two basses which is one of the finest things in the second act.

The baritone, Scipione Colombo, managed to convey the bluff, honest character of Miller, outraged by insult into defying his superiors, without any particular distinction in his actual vocal tone. The contralto, robbed of her first scene, made as much as possible of what was left to her. But the omission of her duet with Rodolfo seriously diminished her significance as a character and made the motivation of her scene in Act II obscure.

Luisa needs a fresh, young voice of great flexibility. Lucia Kelston, after a poor beginning, sang the more dramatic music admirably, but I did not think her well cast for the part. Nor was Lauri-Volpi, a robust tenor if ever there was one, ideally cast for Rodolfo, who is in the lyric line that later produced Gabriele

Adorno and Fenton. But he sang with far more art and sense of style than he did on the only occasion when I heard him at Covent Garden some fifteen years ago.

M. Enesco conducted two of Bach's orchestral Suites in a way that made them sound absolutely beautiful—not pompous or mechanical, the music of a learned big-wig, but pure entertainment—music of the finest kind. An angular, lumpy Concerto by Casella came between them.

Congratulations to 'Music Magazine' on a splendid piece of April foolery, which has, however, made the task of operatic appreciators and gramophone record reviewers doubly difficult! I only hope that M. Croche won't let off too many brilliant squibs on this page during the next two weeks.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Roberto Gerhard and 'The Duenna'

By COLIN MASON

'The Duenna' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Friday, April 13 (Third) and at 7.25 p.m. on Sunday, April 15 (Third)

PERHAPS no national style is so easily distinguished as the Spanish. And perhaps in no other country have composers been so unwilling, or unable, to break away from their national inheritance. Roberto Gerhard is an exception. He studied with Pedrell for many years in Spain, and certainly absorbed the Spanish tradition, but he also spent five years in Vienna studying with Schönberg, which broadened his outlook and technique to a far greater extent, and far more radically, than, say, Falla's association with his French contemporaries did his. Spanish elements are still to be found in Gerhard's music, but they often seem to have been intellectually re-created rather than unconsciously remembered. (The first part of Don Ferdinand's serenade in Act 1 of 'The Duenna' is an example.)

The temperamental versatility that led Gerhard to place himself with a master so completely outside the sphere of his own background, also carried him elsewhere. His ballet 'Pandora' is in another, more Bartókian, style, and the Viola Sonata in yet a third, somewhat brittle, but more independent and individual. 'The Duenna' contains them all, and many besides. Although on a very different plane, it may be compared, in its lack of musical consistency, to 'The Consul'. There is nothing in 'The Duenna' so facile as the weakest passages in 'The Consul', but at points of emotional tension both operas use an expressionist idiom (widely and rather unjustly decried by many critics of 'The Consul') that is very far, not merely in style, but also in language, from the music used at less dramatic moments.

But Gerhard sets himself rather greater problems than Menotti. For whereas 'The Consul' is a realistic melodrama, the very force of whose drama is sufficient to give a certain unity to the most disparate elements of style, provided each is apt for its own situation, 'The Duenna' is a comic opera whose dramatic situations are entirely conventional and unreal, and have no value except as a vehicle for music. The libretto is adapted by the composer from Sheridan, and has the same type of plot as 'Cosi fan tutte', 'The Barber of Seville', and 'Don Pasquale', with the stock characters and situations (fathers who wish to marry off their daughters to wealthy but unprepossessing suitors, and young lovers with whom the daughters elope) to provide the right opportunities for various conventional duets and ensembles. The plot is simply a peg on which to hang the music. The music must therefore have a structural and dramatic unity of its own such as is not at all essential to the effectiveness of

'The Consul'. The various styles that Gerhard uses need not, and indeed perhaps cannot, be synthesised; but they must be so co-ordinated that their disparity never distracts.

Gerhard's success in doing this is considerable. At one extreme he uses an almost untouched eighteenth-century idiom, as in Donna Clara's aria in Act 1, where she relates to Donna Luisa the story of Don Ferdinand's nocturnal visit. Ferdinand's own version of this has already been heard, so Donna Clara's can be expanded into a purely lyric interlude. The tonality is well defined, the modulatory sequence is classically clear-cut, and the very shaping of the melodies, formed largely from alternating tonic and dominant arpeggios, belongs to the eighteenth century. Yet Gerhard manages with extraordinary skill to avoid the effect of pastiche, and makes the emotion (tender, slightly sentimental, yet gay) completely convincing. Donna Luisa's interjections are fewer, but the whole scene is rather like the letter-duet in 'The Marriage of Figaro', and not less attractive. Another eighteenth-century episode is the drinking song in Act 2, over which father, son and aged suitor are reconciled. Here the straightforward G minor tonality is 'modernised', but not upset, by spicy clashes of tonic and dominant harmony in the accompaniment. But where Gerhard's control of his material is most to be admired is in the leap from this to the extremely contrasted style of the aria that follows it. This is the one big melancholy song in the opera—and it has its counterpart in every comic opera—where Luisa voices her first misgivings about the pleasures of elopement. Gerhard prefaces this aria with a long instrumental introduction, employing the twelve-note technique he learned from Schönberg. The abrupt change is made so effectively, however, and the new style used with such expressive power, that there is not the expected sense of stepping out of one musical world into another, and the continuity remains unbroken.

Gerhard is successful in employing and integrating these styles because he stands, or seems to stand, outside them, and to use them, as it were, impersonally. Not all of the opera is so successful, and among the less satisfactory sections are some that are the most Gerhard's own, in the sense that they are least like anybody else. They mainly coincide with the dramatic weaknesses of the libretto, this being especially true of the choruses. The libretto makes no verbal provision for the choral finale essential to every act of every comic opera (even the last act of 'Don Giovanni', sublimest of all comic operas,

has one, though most of us would gladly dispense with it—as indeed Mahler, with his romantic nature and contempt for tradition, used to do during his days as opera director). Faithful to tradition, Gerhard provides the customary finales, but gives the chorus nothing better to sing than mere phonetic symbols. And however conventionalised and dramatically unimportant the role of the comic-opera finale, that is too perfunctory. The fact that the chorus has no part in the opera outside these finales, and is obviously totally irrelevant to the whole action, merely emphasises their dramatic weakness. It is here, too, that Gerhard's music is most apt to lose its point and directness. The diffuse, almost uncontrolled (though not very violent) dissonances recall the music of 'Pandora' in their lack of a firm tonal anchorage or sense of harmonic direction, which deprives them of the possibility of varying tensions according to the strength of the conflict with the prevailing tonality, and thus of the effects of excitement and climax, relaxation and repose, that are the essence of all musical movement.

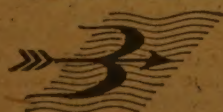
'The Duenna' is thus not a perfect work as it now stands. For the present production some revisions have been made, remedying faults revealed by the first performance two years ago. To avoid the former ineffective repetition of lines in many of the set numbers, where the original text did not provide sufficient verses for a piece of the dimensions demanded by the musical structure, extra verses have now been provided by Christopher Hassall. But just how stage-worthy the opera is remains to be learned when it is given at the Wiesbaden Opera this summer. Nevertheless, whether or not 'The Duenna' survives as one of the notable operas of our time, its value as an experiment, and possibly as a source of inspiration to other composers, is considerable. It makes an entirely new approach to the problems of modern opera, and falls in with the desire, common among composers today, to make the cultivation of an exclusive musical idiom less important than the personal and artistically satisfying use of an existing one. In placing side by side, without incongruity, the musical language of the eighteenth century and one of the most 'difficult' of modern systems, Gerhard reconciles, perhaps for the first time, the two extreme opposite conceptions of modern music—the neo-classic and the twelve-note—and shows how, since their aim is the same (to reintroduce set conventions into music, in order to make it once more universally intelligible), they can serve each other.



Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

Backroom Boy with a bucksaw Although his name never appears Halloran is one of the most important contributors to the newspapers. In fact, it is on his bucksaw that the publication of the newspaper depends. For Barney Halloran* is a Newfoundland logger, on the pay roll of the largest paper mill in the world—Bowater's at Corner Brook. His job is to fell and cut the trees into four foot logs, using the length of his bucksaw as a measure. They are then ready for the journey to Corner Brook by sleigh, truck, train, ship or most usual of all, floating down by river, there to be pulped and processed into newsprint. Halloran stands five foot eleven in his socks, and weighs 200 pounds, according to the Medical Officer who runs the foot rule over every logger at the start of the season. According to the camp cook, his appetite is built in proportion! "He'd eat a cow between two biscuits." But Barney just smiles tolerantly, knowing that a logger without an appetite is as useless as an axe without a handle.

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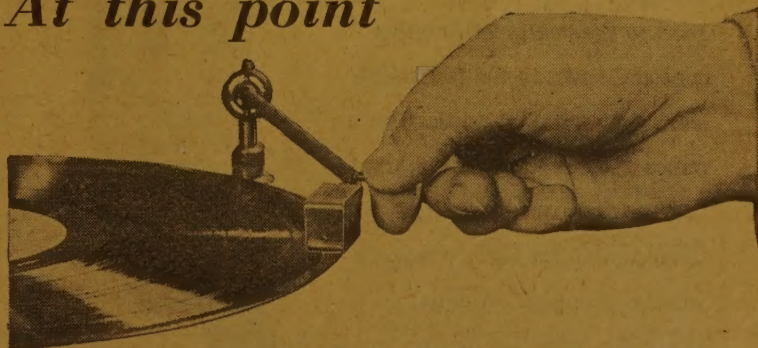
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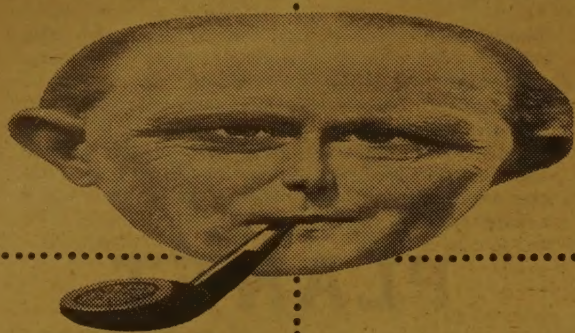


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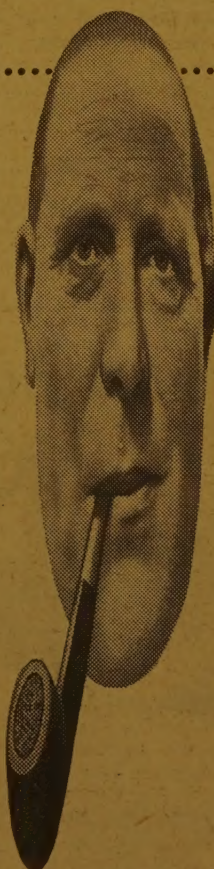
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Advice for the Housewife

BAKED FRUIT PUDDING

IF YOU HAVE a tin or bottle of rhubarb or plums you wish to use up, turn it into a substantial pudding. You will need, as well as the fruit:

- 2 teacups of breadcrumbs
- 2 level dessertspoons of margarine
- 1 teaspoon of mixed spice
- 1 orange
- 2-3 tablespoons of sugar

Melt the margarine in a pan. Stir in the breadcrumbs. Strain the syrup from the fruit and add to it the juice and grated rind of the orange. Cut the fruit very small. Mix the spice with sugar, adjusting the amount of sugar to the sweetness of the fruit syrup.

Grease a pie dish and spread a layer of the prepared crumbs in the bottom. Cover this with half the fruit, and sprinkle with the sugar and spice mixture. Now put another layer of crumbs and the remainder of the fruit, followed by more spice mixture. Spread the rest of the crumbs over the top and moisten the whole pudding with the syrup. Sprinkle the last bit of sugar and spice over the top, put the lid on or cover the dish with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, uncovering for the last few minutes to let the top get brown and crisp. Serve with hot sauce or custard.

This recipe can, of course, be used for other fruit—apples if you like—and later on, with fresh fruit.

EDNA THORPE

YOUR GARDEN WALL

Must the owner of a piece of open land erect a fence or wall around it, and if he does put one up, must he maintain it in good repair? The answer, in general, is 'No' to both questions. But a man is liable for damages if any animals

which he keeps trespass on his neighbour's land.

You may be worried because the fence down one side of your garden is rotting away: it is an eyesore. Or the wall is crumbling. The first step is to decide who owns that fence or hedge. Look first at the title-deeds and any plans which go with them. Sometimes they make clear the exact boundaries of your land and give precise measurements. If they are wholly on your land, then they are yours.

There are a couple of useful rules which sometimes help to answer this question of ownership when there is no better evidence. Take the common example of a field which is bounded by a hedge and immediately beyond the hedge lies a ditch artificially made. The rule is that both hedge and the ditch beyond it belong to the owner of that field. The general rule for fences is that they belong to the owner of the land on the side which bears the supporting posts. The wall question is more difficult because a broad wall may have buttresses on both sides. But if they are only on one side, then the wall probably belongs to the owner of the land on that side.

A wall may be several inches wide, perhaps over a foot, and the deeds may show that the centre of the wall is dead on the dividing line between the two properties. That probably makes it a party wall. As far as the general law goes your neighbour is not obliged to repair his half. He can even remove its support from your half. But before anyone embarks on such a course of unneighbourly behaviour he had better be sure that previous owners have not entered into some binding agreement about the upkeep of walls.

The ownership of the simple hedge between two gardens, the hedge of privet, yew or box, is always in doubt unless the deeds are definite about it. The fact that one owner of one garden has for years cut and trimmed the whole hedge

may only be evidence of his good nature or passion for tidiness. And if his successor refuses to cut it, it is difficult to make him.

DUDLEY PERKINS

Some of Our Contributors

DR. VICTOR PURCELL, C.M.G. (page 565): Lecturer in Far Eastern History, Cambridge University; Consultant to Economic Commission for Asia and Far East, 1947; author of *The Chinese in South-East Asia*, *The Chinese in Malaya*, etc.

DR. O. H. K. SPATE (page 567): Reader in Geography, London University

J. T. BERESFORD (page 571): farms 900 acres in Wiltshire; Vice-Chairman, National Farmers' Union Marginal Land Committee

JACK LONGLAND (page 573): Director of Education, Derbyshire, since 1949; President of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, 1926-27, and of the Climbers' Club, 1945-48; member of the Mount Everest Expedition, 1933, and of the British East Greenland Expedition, 1935

ANGUS WILSON (page 575): author of *The Wrong Set* and *Such Darling Dodos* (short stories)

T. F. T. PLUCKNETT (page 577): Professor of Legal History, London University; Maitland Lecturer at Cambridge, 1950; President of the Royal Historical Society; author of *Legislation of Edward I*, *Concise History of the Common Law*, *Statutes and Their Interpretation in the Fourteenth Century*, etc.

CHRISTOPHER SALMON (page 578): at present lecturing in the Department of Philosophy, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee

Crossword No. 1,093.

Triangular Jigsaw.

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The diagram is made up of thirteen equilateral triangles in each of which is to be entered a word of six letters. These six letters (in their proper

order) are to be inserted two along each side of each triangle, and such letters may be read either clockwise or anti-clockwise to form the selected word. In no case do the first and last letters of a word fall on the same side. The clues to the thirteen words are given below.

Where two triangles have a side in common, the same two letters are to be entered on each side of the common line, so mirroring each other. Thus, when one triangle is solved, two letters are available as a link for building up the word in the adjoining triangle. Eight of the words are to be read clockwise, and five anti-clockwise.

The four letters on each of the long sides (A, B and C) of the diagram, reading clockwise, form words in regular use. As clues to these would enormously simplify the solution, they are omitted, but can be deduced if the answers to the clues are studied.

CLOCKWISE WORD CLUES

- (a) When fatigue deters, one feels better for a change.
- (b) Rat.
- (c) A small hollow, but hardly a dingle.
- (d) You'll have got my meaning if I let you have a letter.
- (e) If they take on these men can become inn-keepers.
- (f) Tarka and his relations.
- (g) Phew!! So it is!! What a stink!!
- (h) Does this include the clerihew?

ANTI-CLOCKWISE CLUES

- (v) With nothing on I indulge myself in a South American wind.
- (w) Not hangings on the scaffold—but on the stage.
- (x) For a certain purpose a weathercock is perhaps more reliable than these.
- (y) The pairs of letters in the diagram do this to each other.
- (z) Not one of the tenses—but grammatically analysed.

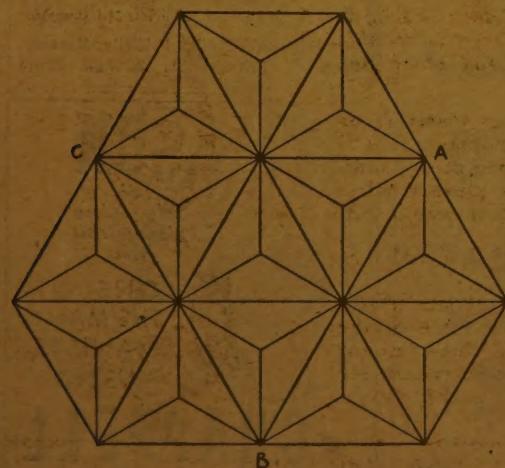
Solution of No. 1,091

S	I	G	N	S	O	F	T	H	E	T	I	M	E	S
T	E	P	O	Y	H	A	E							
A	N	N	U	L	A	R		B	E	E	L	I	N	E
N	E	I	M	R	F	Z	T							
C	A	R	E	T		A	B	I	M	E	L	E	C	H
E	A	I	L	D	R	N	I							
B	L	O	N	D	I	N		O	R	D	A	I	N	
F		F	N	B	Y		G							
A	U	S	T	I	N		B	U	B	B	L	E	S	
L	L	N	N	L	O	L	N							
S	P	I	R	I	T	U	A	L						
T	T	T	T	S	T	S	E							
A	T	H	E	I	S	M		E	V	I	C	T	E	D
F	E	V	E	Y	N	I	L							
F	A	R	M	E	R	G	R	E	E	N	A	C	R	E

NOTES

2D. Mrs. General in *Little Dorrit*. 6D. Miss Ferber's *Show Boat*. 7D. Miss Zena Dore. 8D. Sonnet 153 (Bray, 140). 15D. Merry Wives of Windsor (end). 17A. Austin Friars. 19A. Admiral James and the Pears' Soap picture by Millais. 22D. Rape of Lucrece, 316. 24A. 'The poor cat' in the adage, 'Macbeth', I, 7. 27A. *Barchester Towers*.

CROSSWORD RULES—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



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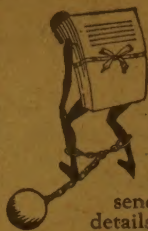
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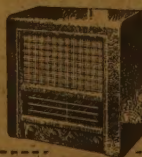
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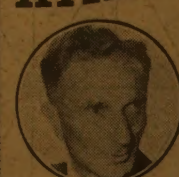
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